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Britain's Act of Aggression

ELEVEN years and six months after Sir Anthony Eden signed in San Francisco the solemn instrument which established the United Nations, a British government under his leadership has committed an act of aggression and has used its veto to prevent the Security Council from formally expressing the disgust and anxiety of the rest of the world. No more self-interested manipulation of the legal processes of the U.N. has ever been undertaken. The world will condemn Britain, and justly so, for a crime not merely against Egypt, but against the whole edifice of international law which has been so arduously reconstructed out of the ruins of Nazi aggression.

The British offensive against the Canal Zone is not an action improvised to meet the sudden emergency caused by Israel's invasion of Egypt. In fact it is no more than the original plan to attack Egypt, for which the reservists were recalled last summer and which world opinion has hitherto prevented the British and French governments from carrying out. Using the Israeli invasion as a pretext, Britain and France issued an ultimatum which was totally illegal and which, by ordering both Israel and Egypt to withdraw ten miles from the Canal, was calculated to aid Israel at the expense of her victim. Then, using Egypt's inevitable rejection of such an ultimatum as a further pretext for the next stage of the operation, Sir Anthony pressed the button to set in motion the prearranged war on Egypt.

Can this morally and legally reprehensible plan conceivably be justified on grounds of statesmanlike self-interest? At no stage has there been any threat to Britain or France. It is not even clear that there has been any serious threat to the free passage of the Canal; but, if there was in the last few days, it arose from the Israeli invasion and from nothing else. Let us see then how the balance sheet stands even in terms of self-interest. The British government has broken the Charter of the U.N. It has shocked its allies and furnished its enemies with a propaganda weapon which will for years be used to belabour us. Inside the Commonwealth, it has roused the disapproval of Australia and Canada as well as the more expected opposition of the Asian members. It must surely have united the Arab peoples against us and reawakened all over the world dormant fears of British colonialism. It has certainly confirmed the Arab view that Israel is primarily an outpost of western colonial policy; and finally, it is imperilling the lives of British servicemen in an illegal war for an unjust cause.

And on the other side of the ledger, what is gained? A temporary saving of face for Sir Anthony Eden and the pathetic Guy Mollet? The reconquest of an international waterway which was in any event being properly and efficiently operated by its lawful owners? Nothing else. Nor is greater security for Israel to be thrown in on this side of the account. Most British Socialists feel emotionally involved in the well-being of Israel, and ever since 1945 this journal has supported the Israelis through good times and bad. But we cannot support Israel in her present action, or rejoice when we try to estimate its long-term consequences. The danger is, first, that Ben-Gurion has by his act destroyed the moral position from which Israel has been able since 1948 to exercise an influence out of all proportion to her strength: secondly, that the British and French having used Israel in their attempt to topple Nasser, will then cynically seek the favour of the rest of the Arab nations by condoning, or even abetting, their growing threat to Israel.

The Labour movement is greatly to be commended for its uncompromising stand. But the opposition to Sir Anthony is wider than a single party. All those liberal-minded people who have laboured for two generations to establish the authority of international organisations will feel a deep sense of shame at the crime which has been committed in our name and at the odious hypocrisy which has accompanied it.

Comments on the Week's News

A Subsidy for the Railways

Nothing can prevent British Railways from running at a heavy loss for some years to come, or from continuing to do so indefinitely unless the very extensive modernisation plans already announced are carried through without further avoidable delay. Both the Transport Commission and the government appear, however, to be confident that, provided this condition is satisfied, the railways will not merely reach a balanced position, including existing capital charges, by 1961 or 1962, but will thereafter earn large enough surpluses to be well in a position to pay off the heavy capital sum that will have to be spent on modernisation during the next few years. On this basis, the government proposes, in the White Paper (CMD 9880) issued last week, to advance to the Commission for spending on development plans and for meeting current deficits a sum which may add up to as much as £250m.—not as a subsidy, but as a credit repayable in subsequent years. These proposals include provision for meeting interest charges on the capital involved out of the advances, and for repayment on the same terms. The White Paper sets out, in addition to the government's proposals, a full account of the Transport Commission's own plans for modernisation and cost reduction—closing of unremunerative branch lines, elimination of steam traffic in favour of electric or diesel working, concentration of goods terminals, rebuilding of passenger stations, supply of larger freight wagons and of continuous braking systems and so on.

The estimated financial consequences of these changes are also set out, apparently on the assumption that there will be no change in the general level of prices or in the wages and salaries of the railway workers. These are surely both very questionable assumptions: they appear to imply entire rejection of the unions' demands, both present and future, for higher wages, and to rest on highly optimistic anticipations about the future prices of such things as fuel and steel. But, whether or not the forecasts of future prosperity are too optimistic, something has to be done both to cover current deficits during the years of intensive modernisation and to enable the railways to get the large amounts of new capital they urgently need. Whether this is done by presenting the money as a subsidy, or by lending it in the hope of future repayment, is a secondary matter; for clearly the advances can be repaid only if they do enable the railways to earn big surpluses in future years. The most obvious danger of the method proposed is that it is likely to be used as an argument both by the Commission and by the government for opposing wage increases even where a good case for them can be made out.

No Change on Divorce

So the government is to do nothing about divorce law reform. For the Home Office, Lord Mancroft has announced that it can "hold out no present hope" of legislation on any of the "principal topics" of the Royal Commission's report, even where the Commission was agreed. The prospects for more controversial changes, such as divorce by consent, are therefore black. Five years ago Mrs. Eirene White's Bill to allow either party to petition for divorce after seven years' separation was given a second reading by 131 votes to 60. The Bill was not proceeded with, on the promise that a Royal Commission would be set up. Since the Commission has shown itself divided on this issue, Lord Mancroft now argues that there must be time for "public opinion to crystallise." Unfortunately the report does not help this process. Its authors have been bemused by the increase in divorces into accepting the assumption that "there is a tendency to take the duties and responsibilities of marriage less seriously." As Lord Chorley has pointed out in the Lords' debate, "there is no kind of evidence anywhere in the report to support this view." On the contrary its own statistics show that there has been a continuous rise in the proportion of the population who marry; that about 60 per cent. of divorces take place in marriages which have lasted more than ten years and about 40 per cent. of them in childless marriages; and that from 60 per cent. to 70 per cent. of divorced persons re-marry. The claim that respect for the institution of marriage is being undermined is, therefore, unproved. The Commission has simply failed to obtain the evidence about the changes in public attitude which are taking place. Unlike the Royal Commission on Population it employed no research workers to conduct the necessary social inquiries; and among the 18 signatories of the report there were eight lawyers but no social scientist. The work on which an informed judgment can be based has yet to be done.

Footnote to a Purge

The International Court at The Hague has now written a footnote to the purge of seven American employees of Unesco. When McCarthyism was at its peak in the U.S., these Americans claimed that their oath as international civil servants precluded them from discussing either their own political views or those of non-American colleagues with agents of the U.S. government. For this refusal they were dismissed by Dr. Luther Evans, the Director-General of Unesco. They were, he said, "lacking the high standards of integrity," and their attitude was "not in the best interests of the organisation." It was later revealed that Dr. Evans had been told by a congressional sub-committee that the dismissal of the seven was a condition of the U.S. dues payment to Unesco. The cases were taken to Unesco's own appeals board, which declared that the dismissals were illegal and stated that they should be rescinded. Dr. Evans took no notice of this ruling. The cases were then heard by the I.L.O. Tribunal, which Unesco accepts as a court of final resort. Once again, Dr. Evans lost. The right of the seven to refuse "screening" was upheld, and Dr. Evans was told that as Director-General he must not associate himself with the execution of any government's policy within the organisation. But he refused to reinstate the dismissed staff members, choosing instead to pay cash compensation to three of them and to take the other four cases to the International Court. There he sought a ruling that the I.L.O. Tribunal was not competent to limit his right to refuse contract renewals or to pronounce on his relations with any member state. The Hague Court has now upheld the Tribunal on the first of these issues and it has not felt called on to deal with the second. The purged staff members are thus fully rehabilitated. The forthcoming Unesco conference in New Delhi should draw the obvious conclusion if Dr. Evans does not now take the only step open to him and resign. Such a decision, taken on his own initiative, would certainly be popular among his own staff.

U.N. and the Atom

The Atomic Energy Agency of the United Nations has slipped into existence with little public notice. Yet this was the most representative international conference ever held—82 nations met and agreed, though their concord was marred by the refusal, in spite of Soviet efforts, to admit Red China to the Agency, on the usual pretext that Formosa is China. The only other controversy was about the article which dealt with control and inspection; for some nations (notably India) were chary about the restraints which might be imposed. A compromise was reached whereby the Agency will have powers to send inspectors to ensure that neither fissionable materials nor by-products will be used for military purposes: the recipient nations were given the right to use them for approved programmes or to return the surplus to the Agency. This applies only to supplies of fissionable materials supplied by the Agency, but the provision about by-products will ensure the supervision of the conversion or breeding of potential bomb-charges. Borrowings from "the atom bank" are otherwise without political strings. The effectiveness of the Agency will depend on the supplies which it can deploy and the scientific and technical staff which it can recruit—and the best the advanced powers can do is to see that their ablest atomic scientists are made available.

A Reverse for the Communists

Mr. Jack Tanner's organisation for combating Communist influence in the unions, "Iris" (Industrial Research and Information Service), is congratulating itself on a great victory in the A.E.U. Its favourite for the general secretaryship, Mr. John Boyd, has recently defeated the powerful Communist candidate, Mr. Joe Scott. But the interesting fact is that Mr. Scott came third, polling only some 17,000 votes out of 93,000 and being beaten also by Mr. Cecil Hallett, whom "Iris" considered expendable. Mr. Hallett, moreover, is a colourless personality. His only claim to prominence comes from the fact that, as assistant general secretary, he was given the job of organising the anti-Communist vote in the union before "Iris" was in the field. He has used his opportunity well and now goes forward to the second ballot. At the same time the Communists have won a victory, in spite of "Iris" and behind Mr. Hallett's back, by the election a fortnight ago of a Communist as national organiser. The second ballot for this post took place while Mr. Hallett was preoccupied with his own first ballot, and the activities of "Iris" were not enough to save the anti-Communist candidate. The moral seems to be that in a union where nine-tenths of the members do not vote in union elections, the result will always depend on organisation rather than ideology.

Crisis in Singapore

The attack of the Singapore government on Communist organisation in the island was made solely on the initiative of Mr. Lim Yew Hock and his ministers. They were neither advised nor influenced by the Colonial Office or British officials. The object of the Labour Front policy is clearly to separate Communists from Labour supporters and, particularly, to divide the Peoples' Action Party. In taking this action Lim Yew Hock and his supporters have deliberately risked their political and administrative lives.

First, there is constant danger from the racial tension between Malays and Chinese; secondly, in the overcrowded conditions of poverty in which most inhabitants of Singapore live, there is always the danger of rioting and hooliganism when political conflict breaks out. In this situation the strongly entrenched and twin forces of Communism and Chinese nationalism may be able to defy the political efforts of the government and render administration impossible. It is not only the fate of Singapore which at present hangs in the balance but the whole future relation between West and East throughout South-East Asia. If Mr. Lim is defeated, any hope of Singapore's attaining independence will be long postponed—with the result that Britain will become even more unpopular in Asia. If he wins, his victory will be hollow, unless by positive measures he can secure much greater support from Singapore's Chinese population.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Big Game

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The story of the arrest of the five Algerian leaders becomes murkier and murkier. It now appears that when M. Pierre Commin, Mollet's stand-in as secretary of the SFIO, went to Rome recently (ostensibly to help on Italian Socialist reunification) his real object was to see M. Mohammed Khider, one of the five arrested men. He explained to Khider that Mollet was anxious to arrange for a settlement in Algeria behind the back of M. Lacoste, his Resident-Minister in Algiers (and, incidently, behind the back of French public opinion). Khider, it seems, was suspicious and unhelpful: he didn't trust the French—and particularly Mollet—to keep his word in secret negotiations. Subsequently, therefore, Mollet held talks with Bourguiba and with the Sultan of Morocco's son, and asked for their help. Couldn't they get together, he said, with the Algerians, and fix acceptable terms? And couldn't they, above all, do this without letting the French press get wind of what was going on? "Mollet," said Bourguiba afterwards, "is all for giving Algeria independence—provided nobody knows about it." Nevertheless, they agreed to try.

The origins of this scheme, ludicrously enough, go back to a book on elephants which Mollet was reading. From this, he learnt that the only way to tame a young wild elephant is to place it in a cage with two fully grown tame ones. In a flash he saw the solution to Algeria; let the Tunisians and Moroccans tame the Algerian leaders into a compromise with the French. This, he assured his colleagues, was the master-plan behind the Tunis conference. Unfortunately, the secret conference soon became public knowledge; the Moroccans, in particular, were indiscreet, and treated the rebel leaders as state heroes. And at least one member of the government (Max Lejeune? Bourgès-Maunoury?) did not like the plan and decided to take the matter into his own hands. Hence the ingenious and successful plot to capture the five nationalists.

When Mollet heard the news, in the middle of a public dinner, his jaw sagged. "It's a crime," he exclaimed. "We must stop the arrests at all costs." But his first orders, taken in the heat of surprise, were not obeyed; and by the next morning the entire non-Communist press was hailing the operation as a triumph. It was too late to do anything except cover it with his authority. Mollet hastily dropped his elephant parable. But then the news began to come in. Riots in Meknès. Riots in Tunisia. Killings in Algeria. An open breach between France and the whole of the Maghreb. For the first time in months, Mollet's own party is murmuring about his leadership: André Philip, once one of Mollet's closest supporters, last week published an article in *Le Monde* attacking the government in the strongest terms. And this is only the beginning. To return to Mollet's idiotic parable, he now has three wild elephants instead of one—and no tame ones in sight. His only hope is to go hunting for even bigger game in Suez.

Moscow

Molotov on Culture

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: The current issue of the Central Committee's main theoretical organ, *Kommunist*—an important issue for it coincides with the opening of a new study year in the party's extensive education system—makes a serious effort to counteract some of the extreme effects of the denigration of Stalin. At the same time, it contains a discreet but firm warning to those comrades who, after studying the texts of the speeches made by Chinese party leaders at the recent congress in Peking, have started questioning the wisdom of many measures taken by the Soviet party and state in the past.

The *Kommunist* leading article cautions party organisations against any relaxation in the study and propaganda of Marxism-Leninism and says that the doubts of "some people" whether the history of the CPSU should be studied until the next textbook replacing the Stalinist *Short Course* comes out are "utterly untenable." It recommends, among other fundamental texts, many of Stalin's works, especially those written in the early period after Lenin's death. Such works of Stalin's as *The Foundations of Leninism, Problems of Leninism, The Right Deviation in the CPSU* "played a great part in defending Leninism in the ideological struggle against Trotskyites, right opportunists and bourgeois nationalists. . . . . Consequently, from Stalin's works all that is useful should be taken and the erroneous propositions criticised. . . ."

While recommending the works of leaders of foreign Communist parties, *Kommunist* refers to those "unripe Communists who do not stop to think about the concrete conditions of the work of the CPSU in the atmosphere of hostile capitalist encirclement and are ready to question the correctness of various measures of the Communist Party and the Soviet state in the past, just because in some of the Peoples' Democracies today a similar question is solved in a different manner. . . ."

This defensive note is struck again in an article that asks whether in view of the statements made at the 20th Congress that parliamentary means could be used in the transition from capitalism to Socialism, the party's previous condemnation of "social reformists" was wrong. No, the author of this article says: historical conditions have radically changed, there are now tangible possibilities of employing parliamentary means to win power for the proletariat.

The same issue of *Kommunist* firmly rejects the view, which it attributes to bourgeois ideologists, that the personality cult, infractions of Socialist legality and savage reprisals are organically inherent in the Soviet regime. "The Communist Party sees the strengthening of Socialist legality as an indispensable condition for successful Communist construction." That is why, the writer argues, the malpractices of the state security agencies have been done away with, the Special Commission under the Ministry of Internal Affairs has been abolished, persons wrongly convicted are being rehabilitated and the procuracy charged with seeing to it that Soviet laws are observed to the letter.

The somewhat "harder" note struck by *Kommunist*, though not, it should be noted, accompanied by any return to the language of *ukase* and "directives," coincides with reports that Molotov, who is now thought to have relinquished all supervision of foreign policy, has been put in charge of the entire cultural section. If these reports are correct it would not be surprising to find clearer evidence of the application of Marxist-Leninist ideas to all branches of educational and cultural work. In literature and the arts, the period since the party congress has been one of virtual *laissez faire*, but it is to be noted that recently literary critics close to the Central Committee have reacted strongly to attacks on "Socialist realism" from Poland and Jugoslavia.

Westminster

The Suez Story

The last line of a celebrated, though unprintable, limerick runs: *But who does what, and with what, and to whom?* The line sums up the bewilderment of members of parliament in the early afternoon of last Tuesday. The news of Israel's invasion of Egypt was already nearly 24 hours old but no one seemed able to make up his mind about it. It had certainly produced an outbreak of Zionism among Conservatives who were pleased to believe that Israel forces, driving towards the Canal, would pull some well-baked British chestnuts out of the fire. But some, especially of those who a few weeks ago had insisted that the government should go to the United Nations instead of trying to drive ships through the Canal, were troubled that Israel could be condemned as the aggressor and that under the tripartite agreement as well as under the U.N. Charter, Britain might find herself obliged to stand against Israel beside Nasser.

Labour members were equally confused. More perhaps than the Tories, they knew the provocations to which Israel had been subject and could understand how she should want to seize the chance, provided by American preoccupation with her elections and Russian preoccupation with her satellites, to break Nasser before he broke her—or at least to force him into a settlement. Yet it was as unthinkable for Labour members to condone a preventive war by Israel in defiance of the Charter as it was for Conservatives to contemplate support for Nasser in conformity with the Charter. So members grouped themselves round the tape machine for the latest news or speculated in the corridors.

Then a rumour suddenly stiffened the groups of speculators. The French, it was said, had just told the British government that whatever anyone else did, they intended to put French troops into Suez on the following day. This in turn sparked off further argument and speculation.

When the Prime Minister's statement came its content was, I think, a complete surprise to everyone in the House. What was most generally expected was that Eden would perfunctorily condemn Israeli aggression, call on both sides to cease fire, refer the matter to the Security Council and there ensure sufficient delay to give Israel the chance of throwing Nasser into his Canal. The

ultimatum and the decision, whatever the result of the ultimatum, to put British and French troops "temporarily" back into the Canal zone had not been foreseen. The reaction was immediate. Conservatives roared their delight. Here was no tangle of pros and cons, no legalistic balancings. Here was direct, simple action. At last, after so long in the wilderness, we were to go back to the Canal and go back there moreover in the guise, one would not say the disguise, of peacemaker, standing squarely between the combatants. In almost lighthearted relief, they derided Gaitskell when he protested that, after rightly calling a meeting of the Security Council, the government should at least wait to hear what that meeting had to say before taking other physical action.

The lines of demarcation between the parties was now becoming clear. By eight o'clock, when the emergency debate on the Prime Minister's statement began, they were sharp. Conservative exhilaration, undamped by Nasser's rejection of the ultimatum and by the protests of the U.S. and Canadian governments, was leaping over itself. What a relief to be done with consideration of principle—always an unwelcome burden on the Conservative mind—and to be in action again. The good old days were back! Neither the Prime Minister nor Selwyn Lloyd had anything new to say but what they repeated received invigorating ovations. Labour, too, felt freed from some of the niceties of calculation which had weighed with it earlier in the day. It was now facing the stark, simple fact that once again, and despite its apparent change of heart a month before, the government so far from upholding the rule of law in accordance with the U.N. Charter was taking the law into its own hands. Labour anger was now so great that some of the wilder spirits snatched at any stone to throw. Some who in the past have been most critical of the government's subservience to the U.S., even attacked Eden for taking action without U.S. approval.

By Wednesday, some Conservative exhilaration appeared to have subsided, not through loss of enthusiasm for direct action, but because for a time no action appeared to have been taken. The Prime Minister, reopening the debate, flatly refused to say whether Britain was carrying out her threats now that the ultimatum had expired. This caused a flicker of hope—suspicion on the Tory side—that following the meeting of the Security Council and the hostile comments of almost the whole world, the government might once again be having second thoughts. However little such hope turned out to be justified, Gaitskell, backed by a united opposition, gave the government grounds for third and fourth thoughts by declaring that, if the threat was in fact carried out, the opposition would oppose the resultant war by every constitutional means.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

An Empire Afraid

A SPECTRE *is haunting Europe, the spectre of Communism....* How ironic the opening words of the Communist Manifesto sound today! The flame of liberty, once the inspiration of Communism and the terror of reactionary regimes, today threatens the empire the Communists have built. The rulers of the Soviet Union have discovered that the conditions of revolution, which Lenin once diagnosed so accurately in capitalist society, may also exist under a Communism which has deteriorated into bureaucratic tyranny. Rokossovsky, Rakosi, Gerö, have fled to the safety of Russia. Georgiu Dej scuttles back in haste to Bukarest, in a desperate attempt to appease the passions of revolt. In Prague, Novotny cancels the leave of his secret police. Even Tito (independent but still a dictator, who rules over a large and dissatisfied Hungarian minority), begs the Hungarian workers to lay down their arms. In the west, the *Daily Worker*, *L'Humanité*, *L'Unità* shout to a now totally incredulous world that the workers and peasants resisting the Red Army are really the dupes of foreign propaganda and of a local bourgeoisie which is in fact almost extinct. And in Russia itself, secure behind the steel barrier of 50 divisions, with an official press and a radio-jamming system to keep their subjects in ignorance, there are frightened men also. The odious joviality of Zhukov and Shepilov, the cynicism with which they drink champagne with the western press while announcing that Soviet tanks will continue to massacre Hungarian civilians, cannot conceal the fact that the brutality of their methods in Budapest is the product of weakness. Behind suppression lies fear.

Yet what have they to be afraid of? The West, humbled with admiration at the spectacle of an entire people ready to die for liberty, can do nothing directly to aid the Hungarian revolution; intervention, even if it did not lead to world war, would defeat its own ends. Mr. Dulles, in a rare flash of statesmanship which the historic moment can draw even from unenlightened men, offers help in the name of humanity, not of Nato. America, he said, will not regard the new, emergent republics as potential military allies: "We see them as friends and as part of a new, friendly and no longer divided Europe."

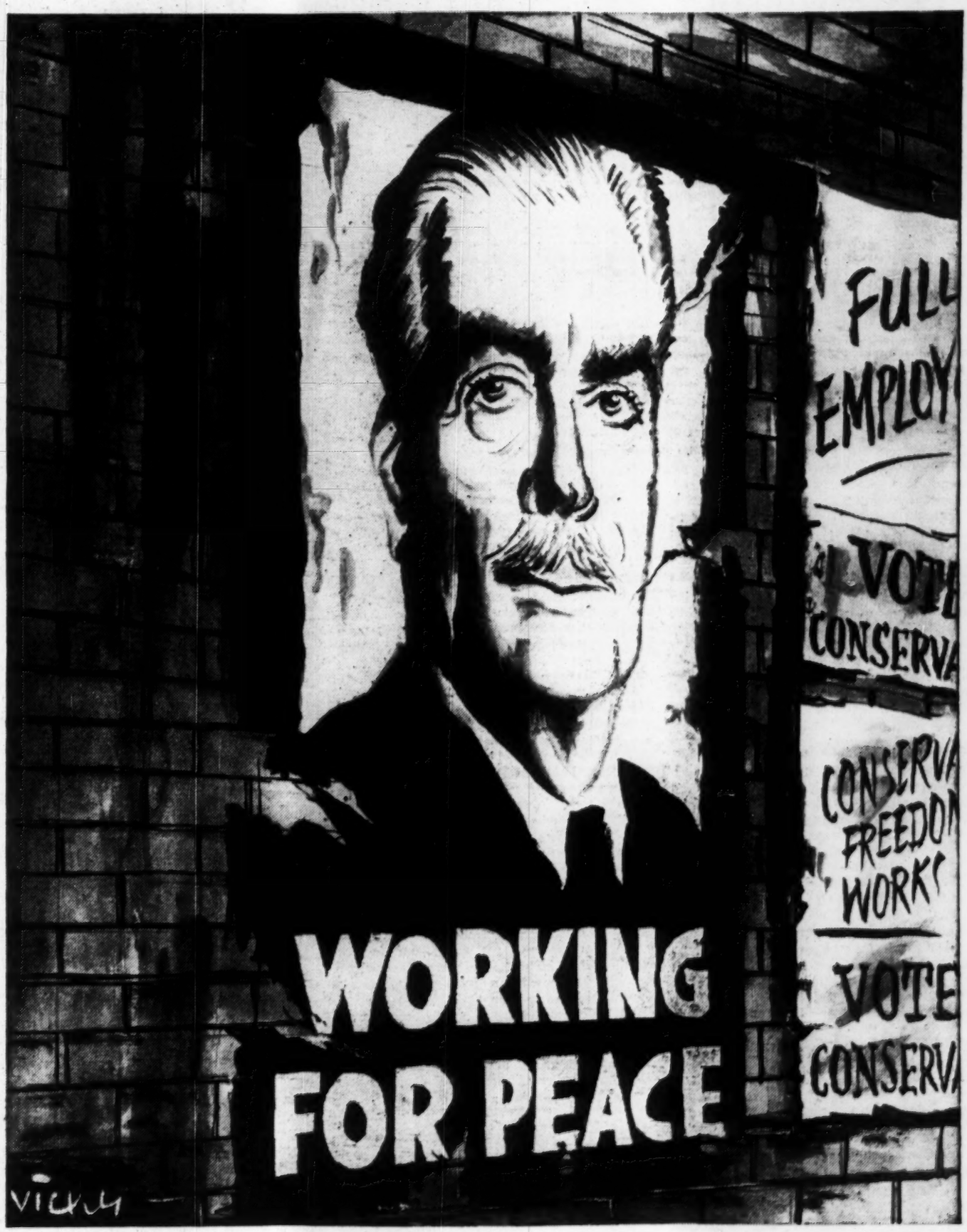
Are the Russians, then, alarmed at the spread of the Hungarian example? If so, they have nothing to fear but their own errors. As we write, the revolt, still flickering in Budapest, still strong in the countryside, has yet to assume a definite political shape. But it is already clear that the remnants of pre-war Hungary played no part in its formation and have totally failed to reap its fruits. *Szabad Nep*, still the organ of the Communist rump government in Budapest, bitterly repudiates *Pravda's* charge that the workers who fought Soviet tanks with their bare hands were fascist agents in America's pay; and even *Pravda* now admits that the Hungarian regime had made mistakes and suffered from the cult of personality. It is true that some divisions have already appeared in the aims of the revolutionaries. Many, appeased by Nagy's promises and the elimination of the Stalinist faction from the party, are prepared to co-operate with the reconstituted government. Others demand the summoning of an emergency assembly from the newly formed workers' committees, which will draft a new basic law and hold free elections. Which of the two factions will prevail, or whether both will agree to compromises, we do not know. But it is manifest that their fundamental aims are similar: they want the end of the Russian occupation and the secret police; they want to give liberty to the peasants and industrial control to the workers; but they have no desire to undo the socialisation of Hungary's economy. Information reaching this office confirms the view that the government at Györ, which seems the strongest and most coherent of the new revolutionary organisations, is firmly in the hands of Social Democrats. Such men have worked with the Communists before the full Stalinist terror was imposed; they are prepared to do so again, now that it is removed. Many have suffered in prison; some, indeed, have only been released during the fighting; but all are united in believing that Socialism and freedom are not only compatible, but indivisible. The tragedy is that, unlike their Polish Comrades, they have not been able to vindicate their faith without the present agony.

Do the Russians fear these men? If so, their fears must be proved groundless. And here the West can help. At this tragic moment, there can be only one object of our policy. We must not allow ourselves the smug satisfaction of extracting ephemeral propaganda out of Hungary's tragedy, arguing that our own imperialist crimes in Cyprus, Guatemala and Algeria are small compared with the horrors of Budapest. Our object is clear: to secure the speedy removal of Russian troops, and to ensure that they never return. Pious wishes will not accomplish this: we must give Russia concrete demonstration of our good faith. Russia's aim in establishing her satellite empire was two-fold: to obtain cheap supplies of raw materials, and to protect her frontiers. Of these, the second is now vastly more important to her, and she will not withdraw her troops from eastern Europe until its requirements have been met.

How can we meet them? The key is Germany. So long as West Germany continues to arm and to adhere to Nato, 22 Soviet divisions will remain east of the Elbe, and their lines of communication will stretch through Poland. But if West Germany is neutralised, Russia's fear for her territorial security will diminish. A year ago this month, when the German problem was last seriously discussed, it seemed as if Russia's demands went further, and that she was not prepared, even if West Germany were neutralised, to abandon her puppet regime in the eastern zone. But the situation has now changed. Russia is cutting her losses. Faced with the threat of losing her satellite barrier—including Potsdam—without securing anything in exchange, she may now be prepared to compromise and withdraw behind her own frontiers in return for a neutral Germany.

Is the West in a position to strike a bargain over Germany? The West Germans would be asked to make two sacrifices: to limit their sovereignty under a treaty of neutralisation, and to accept the loss of their eastern territories. There is evidence that, in order to secure re-unification, an increasing number of Germans are prepared to do both. Indeed, their past intransigeance was itself the produce of a stalemate which they knew to be hopeless; now that the stalemate is broken, they will be more prepared to face the realities.

A western proposal on these lines, it is reasonable to hope, would encourage the Russians to withdraw their troops from Hungary and Poland, and eventually from all the satellites. But the West can do more than this: it can help to ensure that they never return. The Poles, by their nerve in council, the Hungarians, by their courage in battle, have won the right to talk to Russia on equal terms. But it is a tenuous right, easily forfeited, even without the intervention of Soviet divisions. Both countries now face a rigorous winter, in which the errors of Communist planning, which have already brought both to the verge of starvation, will be aggravated by the disruptive, if welcome, transition to a freer economic regime. The result may be famine, and famine may accomplish what Russian tanks and threats failed to do: to drive them back into the fold of the Kremlin. Let us, by all means, plan to give Poland and Hungary the long-term economic aid which Mr. Dulles has promised. But the urgent need is for food—above all, wheat. We must give freely and quickly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VICKY

Was Harry Truman Right?

"A GROUND swell towards the Democrats and a fair wind for Ike." This nautical analogy is the neatest summing-up of the campaign that I have yet heard. And it is from this conflict of the elements that the present dreary election derives some life and interest. It is not unusual for a presidential candidate to run ahead of his party's local candidates. This year, however, the President's stock has been rising while support for Republicans as such has slumped, and it is possible that next Tuesday the American voters will do something that they have rarely done before—choose a president from one party and a congressional majority from the other.

The sea of opinion has set in long rollers towards the Democratic candidates for the Senate, the House and for state-wide and local offices. But in the last week the fair wind for Ike has been rising, sweeping aside misgivings about his health, about Nixon, about his association with the Republican diehards. It is the President who is on top of the world, smiling blandly from his bubble-top car as his "motorcade" sweeps down Main Street, shrugging off the elaborate medical check as if it were routine procedure for every incumbent seeking re-election. "He looks like a million dollars," said a rotund rotarian who was sitting next to me in a hotel lounge watching the President on television. "More like seven million," grunted my neighbour sourly. I turned in the half-light and looked at him. He was wearing the worn-shoe lapel button which has been the most popular campaign badge for Stevenson supporters. He went on: "How can you lose if you have all the dough?"

Shortage of money has certainly dogged the Democrats. Compare any local Eisenhower campaign office with its Democratic counterpart. The contrast is far greater than that between a Tory committee-room and a Labour Hall in a dingy back street. The first is bedecked in bunting and posters: Ike and Dick, five times life-size, smile from the windows; and pretty girls sell Ike costume jewellery, campaign buttons, braces, socks, playing cards and cigarettes. Somewhere, in a shop, or a union hall, or in a third-floor hotel room, you can find the local Volunteers for Stevenson-Kefauver, a makeshift, half-empty headquarters, short of everything from badges to stationery. When Ike or Dick makes a television and radio appearance, everything is carefully stage-managed, and there is money enough to see the show through to the end. More than once, Stevenson has been faded out before the end of an important speech simply because the time has run out with the money.

All this, of course, is relatively unimportant. Stevenson has had a reasonable amount of television and radio time, and he has had a much better press than in 1952. What matters is the use he has made of it, and the impression he is creating. As the campaign entered its final week, there is no doubt that he has fumbled badly. He looks tired and speech-drunk, a man on the run who is nearing the point of physical exhaustion. "I can't vote for Stevenson because I can't stand the thought of Kefauver as president," a friend said cynically, as we watched Stevenson leaning on two reporters while they talked to him, for all the world like the defeated challenger being helped from the ring by his seconds. He has run himself ragged in this campaign, and his mere appearance is enough to offset much of the uneasiness about the President's health.

Even this would be a trivial matter if Stevenson had succeeded in dramatising himself, in communicating a personality to the voters. But the harder he tries, the less convincing he sounds. He has come down from the lofty rostrum from which, in 1952, he appealed to the egg-heads. He now uses simpler ideas, cruder formulations. Yet he has not discovered a style, even a manner which appeals to the ordinary man. When he tries to echo Harry Truman's campaign oratory of 1948, he too often sounds like a man in the bar of the Harvard Club giving an imitation of Mr. Truman's staccato sentences. The fault lies both in what he says and how he says it. He has found no issues which strike sharply at the President personally—and it is the President he has to beat, not Senator Dirksen or Senator Hickenlooper—and when he attempts to give 'em hell in one phrase, three more are used to qualify it before the audience can get its hands together to applaud. Sometimes, indeed, the syntax is so mixed between the attacking clause, the passive tense, the limiting afterthought, that the audience senses a double negative and is left in doubt whether to cheer the onslaught or boo the enemy. I am not exaggerating here. Several times during the Madison Square Garden speech, part of the audience applauded while the remainder hissed—and both parts were on Stevenson's side. A man who can confuse what is normally the most lively and informed Democratic rally in the country can scarcely make a real bid for the marginal vote.

And yet, at the beginning, it was not quite like that. Stevenson started well; the campaign began to roll; the leaners began to lean his way. Almost overnight, something went wrong. I am not at all sure what. I do not believe that Stevenson actually made a mistake that alienated people. The most apt comparison is the sense of anti-climax that comes when the fuses are lit for a set piece, the sparks begin to fly, and then nothing happens. The crowd groans and loses interest. I suspect that, in retrospect, Stevenson's failure to ignite enthusiasm will be laid to two causes. The first, I have already suggested, lies in the absence of real issues, and in a personality defect: when people listen to him they get the sense that despite his intelligence and personal charm he is a man without much weight, without the capacity to make a decision and stick to it. This sense is not altogether justified, but it is what his speeches convey. The second reason lies in the internal politics of the Democratic Party. By and large, Stevenson and Kefauver have been betrayed by their own party organisation. This is not true all over the country. But I have travelled hundreds of miles by road without seeing a single Stevenson poster. Local candidates, yes: Democratic faces for senator, for governor, for sheriff, but no face for the White House. Ike beams from every Republican billboard, but if you see Stevenson's name linked with a local ticket, look twice and you will see that the sign is usually erected by a trade union or by a volunteer group. The party regulars are treating Stevenson and Kefauver as caretaker candidates, and they are getting on with the bread-and-butter job of electing their local tickets, leaving the volunteers to scratch up what they can for the presidential nominee. In New York City, for instance, official Democratic clubs have kept volunteer Stevenson workers out of their territory. One precinct captain said: "Our people press the levers we tell them. If they don't want Stevenson, that's okay, too, so long as they vote for our candidates." Much the same is true of the urban areas in New Jersey: in Massachusetts, where the volunteers and the party organisation were amalgamated precisely to avoid this division, the division persists. "If I didn't push them along on Stevenson," one Democratic chairman said to me, "nobody would ever hear of the guy."

In some cases, this attitude stems from spite. This seems to be the reason in New York, where Governor Harriman and the Tammany boss, Carmine de Sapio, seem to be sitting out the campaign so far as the top of the ticket is concerned. And the dislike of the machine politicians for both Stevenson and Kefauver—many of them, after all, backed Stevenson simply to keep Kefauver out—certainly lies behind much of the indifference. The whole story, however, is more complicated. By the time that Harry Truman made his intervention at Chicago, it was too late to stop Stevenson's nomination: the bandwagon was rolling and it was a matter of political survival to cling to it. But more of the party bosses heard Truman's appeal—and secretly agreed with him—than heeded it. "Stevenson can't win," said Truman; and he thereby made many doubt both his wisdom and his skill. Certainly, he made it much harder for Stevenson to win. But as the party machines began to try and sell Stevenson, the response suggested that perhaps Harry had been right again after all. Such doubts are contagious, and usually fatal. The word went round that the local tickets had to be saved at all costs.

Stevenson, I believe, knew that this was the way things might go. But the strategy that he adopted played into the hands of those who were pinning their hopes on the vote-appeal of local Democratic candidates. With a national swing to the Democrats as a party, his best hope was to try and ride the coat-tails of strong local candidates and local issues—and he loyally went out, grinding himself down in the process, to whip up regional and local sentiment. And in this, I suspect, he has been successful, at the cost of effacing himself.

This strategy might not have been so damaging to Stevenson personally if voters still voted the straight ticket—putting a cross at the head of the party column on the ballot or pulling the single party lever on a voting machine. Stevenson could then count on a very substantial coat-tail support. But there is a good deal of evidence that what Americans call "ticket-splitting" is an increasingly prevalent practice. More and more voters are becoming choosey, crossing party lines to choose a Republican for this office, a Democrat for that. Here is what we must regard as the "independent" vote, and since technical difficulties or the amount of time demanded make ticket-splitting a complicated business, the "independent" voter has to devote some thought and care to the way he votes. It is hard to say how many people normally split their votes in this fashion, since the line-crossers tend to cancel each other out. But the marked difference between the popular vote for Eisenhower in 1952 and the vote cast for Republican candidates generally shows that several million people liked Ike who did not like the Republican party. The pattern seems likely to be repeated this year.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

NEXT WEEK

Wine Supplement

also

Thoughts on Dr. Leavis

by J. B. PRIESTLEY

Greek Diary

WHEN, only a fortnight ago, I accepted the invitation of the Greek Government to join a party of international journalists to visit Thrace and to spend four days sailing in the Aegean Islands, the Suez struggle was still in the balance and Cyprus was a central issue. News of fighting in Hungary began to seep through, and Jim Cameron of the *News Chronicle* had to hurry back to deal with more immediately exciting events. The "Semiramis," a lovely Greek steamer, took us from Athens to Crete, Rhodes, Cos, Patmos, Delos and Mykonos; we picked up bits of news from Athens and Belgrade; a Yugoslav in our party lay on the ground with his ear to the radio and told us how many people were being killed in Budapest. I arrived back hot-flight to learn that the Hungarians at great cost looked like winning some of the freedom that the Poles had won without fighting and that once again Suez was the centre of the picture. The Suez group were to get their way, and people kept telling me Sir Anthony Eden had lost his reason.

* * *

The best propaganda is not in leaflets. From the large island of Rhodes you can easily see the Turkish villages on the coast; Cos is only a four-mile swim from Turkey. What becomes of the Turkish strategic argument that Cyprus must not belong to Greece because it threatens Turkish security? Far more important was the obvious sincerity of Greek distress that Britain should apparently care so little for the breach in Anglo-Greek friendship. The Greek who said to me that British policy in Cyprus was unintelligible because Greece regarded British prestige as one of her own vital interests was expressing a common view. Since nations call themselves sovereign and governments dare only to consider their own national interests, friendships between nations are always precarious and protestations of lasting affection usually unreal; they were euphemisms for those phases of policy when open hostility has been superseded by covert suspicion. But the record of Anglo-Greek relations is an exception; it does not depend on archeological enthusiasm or the classical education of the British upper class. Byron and Navarino, Gladstone and Venizelos belong to a continuous tradition. Not only prominent politicians but humble Greek citizens have returned their decorations to the Queen of England; they were honoured by Britain, they have told her, because in spite of the worst pressure of the Gestapo they refused to betray British parachutists to the Germans. Today, Cypriot Greeks are under grievous pressure to betray their comrades to the British authorities.

* * *

I was present at the much-discussed interview with Mr. Averof, the Greek Foreign Minister. I did not realise at the time that it would cause any sensation. There is no mystery about it. The reports in the *News Chronicle* and *Daily Mirror* were accurate and their comments reasonable. Mr. Averof said the Greek Government was still, as always, ready to agree to a period of self-government in Cyprus and suggested that machinery should be set up to prepare the way for eventual self-determination. The schemozzle was simply a reflection of Greek party politics; the Opposition demands immediate Enosis and saw in Averof's moderation a good occasion for attack. It was, of course, right in one point. Members of the Government (like members of other Governments) dare not express in public a readiness for compromise which, as responsible people, they cannot reject in private. There is no doubt that the Greek Government urgently wants a settlement; that it will very carefully consider Lord Radcliffe's constitutional proposals, which I gather are likely to be complete before very long; the problem will be how to apply them if the British insist on calling Makarios a terrorist and keeping him in the Seychelles.

* * *

I took some trouble to inquire what room the right-wing victory in the Greek civil war had left for democracy. Reaction never, I think, went as far as seemed likely after the defeat of E.L.A.S. Today, nearly ten years after the fighting, Greece has a large measure of political freedom. Elections, which, before the war, were notoriously corrupt, are as fair as in most democratic countries. The press is not censored. The Greeks have not lost their traditional love of argument and are unafraid to speak. But there is some McCarthyism; I am told that if you want a Government licence, even to drive a taxi, you have to get some sort of political clearance from the police. The worst feature is that there are still some 2,000 prisoners convicted by the courts of crimes during the civil war and, more serious still, about 800 who are detained without trial. Apparently a man may still be deported to a barren island for illegal activities without trial. This is shocking ten years after the war, and remains shocking even though it is true that the conditions of detention are no longer abominable and the number of those detained is now greatly reduced. But that democracy has real roots seems proved by the fact that in some recent cases, protests by Greek M.P.s and others have been enough to prevent deportations. The Communist party is illegal but no one doubts that it is alive under the title of E.D.A. The government may be described as moderate right-wing and the Prime Minister (young and handsome for a prime minister) knows nothing of foreign affairs, and is genuinely interested in housing, road building, social reform, and (his special interest) in administrative decentralisation—a very necessary measure in a country of poor communications. Left alone, I should say that Greece will become increasingly democratic, and that the chance for Communism increasing its hold, will be small. Events in Eastern Europe are likely to make them smaller.

* * *

On the issue of Cyprus the country is united. Every man who is hanged in Cyprus is a hero, and every boy who is whipped by British soldiers means more recruits for EOKA. Everywhere we went—especially off the beaten track—we saw EOKA scrawled on the walls. Pictures of Archbishop Makarios greeted us on every island and when we stopped to talk to a laughing playground of children, they ceased to laugh and chanted EOKA in unison when they realised we were British. A bearded priest solemnly presented us with a doggerel poem which he had himself written, comparing Makarios to the great heroes of Greek history. Often our hosts found it embarrassing when we pressed them to translate the anti-British slogans on the walls. More humiliating was a notice in a shop window: "American spoken here."

* * *

Cos has a pretty, modern square—pretty even though one or two of the buildings have been rather heavily rebuilt by the Italians. (The Italians remain the best of builders, but they were not at their best during the Mussolini period.) On one side of the square and vegetable market, there is the usual display of peasant merchandise. I have a great liking for rough local plates and vases; I chose two, whose pattern pleased me. As he wrapped them up the shopkeeper asked me whether I was French or what? I told him I was English; he said nothing but asked for a price which, though trivial, I felt certain was too much. He was some time away with my drachmas; he must have had a twinge of conscience. He did not lower the price, but, at the last moment, he unwrapped the plates and added another.

* * *

Apollo is usually kind in the Aegean Islands, but Poseidon, I'm told, often makes the sea rough near Crete and jealously makes it impossible to land in Apollo's island of Delos. We were incredibly fortunate; the sun was not too hot and the sea was as smooth as the Serpentine. Outside the regulation Hellenic tours, few people, unless they are rich enough to have private yachts, or hardy enough to toss about in little local steamers or caiques, ever explore those paradisal Islands. For me, this opportunity was the fulfilment of a dream. As with many others who spent their youth studying dead languages, the world of ancient Greece is warmly alive to me, even though I now only read Thucydides or Plato in English translations. But whether you had a classical education or not, there can, I think, be no more superb holiday than to wander in the Aegean. Nowhere is the light of such a quality, nowhere has the sea such a colour, the mountains such an austere beauty or the remains of antiquity such magnificence; when you make genuine contact, nowhere are people so friendly and vivacious. Rhodes is the place where I would most like to live; Delos, as self-consciously dead as Pompeii, is more exciting than Mykonos, kept self-consciously alive as a holiday resort for Athenian visitors. About the pains of riding a donkey to the famous monastery at Patmos, I must write another day. At the moment, the most vivid memory in my mind is of a couple of hours spent in a tavern in the harbour of Cos where nationality was forgotten and the Greeks and English together danced traditional Greek folk dances in an atmosphere of gaiety and laughter that cannot have changed very much in the last two thousand years of Greek history.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

People in Mirfield, Yorkshire, will soon be able to go to the cinema without missing their favourite television programme. Two TV sets (one for B.B.C., one ITA) are to be put in the circle foyer of the Vale, the town's only cinema. "Patrons can view between houses or slip out of the cinema to see any particular programme," says manager Mr. Barry Goddard.—*News Chronicle*. (W. E. Mell.)

Lieut.-General Sir Horatius Murray, G.O.C.-in-C. Scottish Command, discussing the private soldier's attitude towards the present international situation when he replied to the toast of "The 51st (Highland) Division" at the reunion of the division dinner club in Gleneagles Hotel, said:—"What the hell has it got to do with him?"—*Glasgow Herald*. (A. C. P. Smith.)

"Any day now," said the man from the B.B.C., "people will be ordering turkeys from the Archers. I wish they wouldn't."

Every Christmas, said the man, a rush of cheques and postal orders—all genuine, all honourable—are addressed to Dan Archer, Brookfield Farm, Ambridge.—*Daily Mail*. (A. V. Moses.)

What is now happening in Eastern Europe is of the greatest interest.—Leading article in the *Observer*. (R. Kelk.)

The New Statesman and Nation, November 3, 1956

A New Look at the House of Lords

THE time is fast approaching when the Labour Party will have to start thinking about the House of Lords. No political issue in recent years has been avoided so consistently and with such tremendous political advantage. Of course, the official policy, laid down at successive conferences, is to abolish it as a dangerous and undemocratic anachronism. But a policy of doing nothing at all has proved, in practice, to be far more effective. Lords reform has been delayed by a refusal to co-operate, and meanwhile the House is quietly dying.

Unfortunately this optimistic assessment of the situation reckons without one factor. Lord Salisbury himself knows exactly what is going on and he knows that if the Lords are to be saved they must be reformed. Moreover this enthusiasm for reform is matched by his power in the Cabinet. He must be credited with those discreet little hints which have appeared in almost every Queen's Speech since 1951 that "further consideration" will be given to the subject. A year ago he hoped that it could all be done by a change in the standing orders of the House of Lords. This hope was dashed by the committee which sat under Lord Swinton, whose report made it clear that legislation would be needed.

The main outlines of a Lord's Reform Bill are no secret. It would provide for a reduction in the hereditary element to exclude the backwoodsmen, possibly by instituting elections for United Kingdom representative peers. Life peerages would be legalised and women would be admitted. To round it off there would be some system of sessional allowances for those who attended. No question of powers would arise. Lord Salisbury rightly thinks that the existing powers wielded by a more workmanlike House of Lords would be quite enough to check an impetuous House of Commons.

Will all this be done in the coming session? There are many indications that it might and, if it is, the policy of doing nothing will have to be re-examined. The Labour Party has three courses of action open to it: it can support or oppose the bill or it can produce an alternative of its own.

It is unthinkable that we should support Lords reform. We are committed to abolition and a reformed Lords would be a great nuisance, if not an actual menace, to another Labour government. But can we oppose it outright? The government will argue that their scheme falls within the provisions of the 1948 all-party agreement, which only broke down on the question of powers. Moreover their plan could be made to look quite attractive to the general public. It would be presented as a blend of ancient tradition with modern legislative requirements—that happy sort of compromise which is supposed to gladden British hearts. Against this a Labour counter-proposal that the Lords should be left as they are, to wallow in their own anomalies, would seem churlish and unsportsmanlike.

There remains the possibility of proposing a positive alternative. But to do this requires careful thought. The issues have become so confused that they would need to be disentangled and examined. First of all there is the question of titles, which is really a separate point. It would be possible to retain peerages and abolish the House of Lords or to have a second chamber and abolish peerages. The second question is a constitutional one. Do we want a second chamber or not? The third question follows from that. If we want a second chamber what sort should it be and what powers should it have?

The case for a second chamber needs to be separated from the case for the House of Lords. Looked at in isolation it is quite strong. A second chamber can give more detailed consideration to non-controversial bills and it offers a convenient opportunity for a last look at all legislation. It provides a forum for general debate where senior statesmen and others may contribute to the political life of the nation without occupying a Commons seat, and, of course, its present function as the Supreme Court has certain advantages. Any new second chamber must be very simple. For this reason there is a strong case for appointment rather than election. Finally it should be staffed with people of ability and should provide some rough balance of party strengths.

The search for a second chamber that meets all these requirements turns out to be remarkably easy. For in the Privy Council we have a body, already in existence, which almost exactly fills the bill. It is very much older than the House of Lords and the average level of distinction of its members is very much higher. Its present functions are purely formal except for its committees (the Cabinet, the Judicial Committee, the Board of Trade, etc.) which are still used for practical work. Collectively it retains (in theory) an advisory function, which is exactly what you want in a second chamber.

The advantages of this proposal are numerous. The prerogative power of creation would remain unaffected and there would be no embarrassment of a hereditary element. Privy Councillors are commoners and include women, as well as men of distinction from various non-political fields of activity. The Privy Council, just under 300 strong, is a much more manageable size and would not tend to grow as does the House of Lords. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council could perfectly well handle those appeal cases which at the present time still go to the House of Lords.

There is one further advantage. It would be an extremely easy matter to make the change. Privy Councillors already sit on the steps of the throne and to give them a voice and vote would present no problem. Already the judges and law officers receive (and ignore) writs of attendance to the House of Lords. If these writs were issued to all Privy Councillors (not sitting in the House of Commons) the job would be half-done. Next you would have to exclude those peers who are not Privy Councillors. This would require legislation but there are plenty of good precedents. If the sentiment of the traditionally-minded needed to be appeased peers might be permitted to attend the second chamber on ceremonial occasions. Half the Privy Councillors are already peers and there would therefore be a considerable continuity of legislative experience.

Once these two jobs were completed there would only remain a little bit of tidying up and a consideration of powers. These might well be further reduced to underline the advisory role of the second chamber. One approach to this problem would be to provide that if the Privy Council rejected a Commons bill on second reading, the Commons could give it a fourth reading (after, say, a period of three months) following which it would receive the Royal Assent. The Privy Council could make amendments to bills but would have no power to insist upon them if they were rejected by the Commons. These very limited revisionary powers are all that a second chamber could legitimately expect to have. Finally there should be some sessional allowances for those who attend.

These proposals are designed to meet the situation that might arise if the government introduced Lords reform in the new session, but whether they do or not, it is time the Labour Party faced up to the issue squarely. The Privy Council as a second chamber could play a very useful part in our constitution and might be much more fully used by the Labour Party than has been the moribund House of Lords.

ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN

The State of Argentina

ONE year after the downfall of Peron, Argentina is in the grip of a quiet, insistent and apparently insoluble political and economic crisis.

The facts are few and telling. Peron was not overthrown by the people as a whole, but by a section of the armed forces and the higher ranks of the middle classes. He was overthrown before the full impact of ten years of corrupt administration, idiotic economic policies and nonsensical allocation of resources could be felt by the bulk of the population. This bitter fruit of debt, disorganisation and efficiency which Peron worked so hard to ripen up has now fallen into the lap of his successors just in time for Peronists to point out that economic disaster came immediately after Peron left. In fact, nobody denies that Peron was overthrown at the best possible moment—for Peronists.

In 1952, three and a half million people voted for Peron. Today, even some staunch democrats are opposed to the calling of elections just yet, fearful that those three and a half million Peronists will restore the hated regime once again. This sounds like a lopsided sort of democracy, and it certainly is. Many Argentinians define democracy as "a system which excludes Peronism." The fact that the present government lacks political support, and hence, every party is theoretically in the opposition, has resulted in a wild scramble to win the "floating" Peronist voters. No party would dream of admitting that it plans to succeed Peron, but all parties manage to say just enough in their programmes to make it clear that if there is going to be a successor to the "Justicialist" regime, they are the only ones that can bear the strain.

The popularity of the present government cools considerably as one descends on the social scale. On top, even the most liberal and respected politicians find virtue in the present dictatorship's strong stand and their refusal to allow "indiscipline," political or otherwise, to go unchecked. Opinions further down are more controversial. People complain of the increase in the cost of living—30 per cent. in the last ten months coupled with an insufficient 10 per cent. rise in wages. They also think that the government is not much of an improvement as far as political freedom is concerned. "Before it was democracy for the Peronists and dictatorship for the anti-Peronists. Today it's the other way around."

Freedom of the Press is always a welcome subject with critics of the Peronist regime. But the present government has not shown itself very eager to comment on this particular aspect of the de-Peronisation of the country. Under Peron, eight of the ten major national dailies were under state control. After the revolution of September

Self interest or public spirit?

Taking care of number one is nothing more than the instinct of self preservation. It's only human nature after all—but it can be enlisted in the public interest.

Consider the man who assures himself of a comfortable retirement—and looks after his family—through Life Assurance. Money he pays in premiums is invested by his Life Office and helps to provide much-needed capital for British industrial expansion.

In the past four years the annual amount paid in Life Assurance premiums has increased by over one hundred million pounds. The motive may be self interest, but the effect is to the benefit of all.

Life Assurance *a safeguard of real prosperity*

Issued by The Life Offices' Association, London. Established 1889

16, 1955, *La Prensa* was returned to its previous owners but all the rest remained in state hands. Today seven of the largest newspapers and all the radio stations are controlled by the government. The only independent papers are extremely right-wing in their views—so that Aramburu can boast of a fairly favourable press.

Economically, the country is almost bankrupt. The position of the railroads is both a monumental proof of Peron's folly and also evidence of the dilapidated state in which the British company had kept the country's rolling stock prior to nationalisation. Of the 4,800 locomotives which are functioning at present, over 1,500 are 48 years old or more. Of the rest, more than 50 per cent. are 24 years old at least. A very high official in the Ministry of Agriculture assured me that if the next harvest is a good one—which seems likely—Argentina will find herself in the incredible situation of not being able to transport her wheat from the interior to the ports. The railroads—which are at present facing astronomic financial losses—are also saddled with over 20,000 surplus workers. These men were largely hired wholesale by the Peronist trade unions in order to help absorb unemployment and also use them to control local unions. Now it is impossible to get rid of this surplus without facing serious labour trouble. The only way to do it is by not filling up vacancies, but this method will take at least three or four years and will cost the state a considerable sum.

Meanwhile, the government hesitates between implementing strong measures to cope with the economic crisis and paving the way for a constitutional regime. Elections were announced for the last quarter of 1957, but few believe that they will take place at that time. Peronists would like to have elections immediately and they boast that they can win them even without candidates—by abstaining from voting. A 50 per cent. abstention in a general election would probably mean an armed revolt the next day.

The political parties are the laughing stock of the common people. Under Peron, they got used to having only two parties; Peronist and anti-Peronist (which in effect, meant the Radical Party). Today, even the Radicals are hopelessly divided into five different factions, each with its own presidential candidate. Frondizi, the left-wing Radical leader, has the best chance of any democratic candidate, but even his chances are slim if one compares the voting strength he can command with that of the extreme nationalists who would support a pro-Peronist candidate.

General Bengoa is the big name in the nationalist-Peronist field. He is, according to his detractors, an all-round traitor: he deserted Peron by helping Lonardi and then he deserted Lonardi. Aramburu sent him to Patagonia to serve a five-month "disciplinary confinement" sentence. He arrived back in Buenos Aires last September 1. Hours before his arrival, a bomb exploded in his house and signs appeared in the neighbourhood which read: "Bengoa: Nazi-Peronist." The bomb, according to a very well-informed journalist, was probably placed there by his own supporters in a carefully calculated trick which they hoped, would inform everybody of his return. The government also thought so and the news of the incident was pushed out of the front pages and given only very cursory mention. The only paper which gave it prominence was the *Buenos Aires Herald*, which is published in English.

When Bengoa joined General Lonardi's cabinet as Minister of War, he signed a pledge saying that he wouldn't run for elective office after finishing his term in the provisional government. I asked him about this and he told me that, of course, he wouldn't run unless the people asked him to do so. In that case, he added, he would feel compelled to "sacrifice" himself for the good of the nation.

The best way to understand the seriousness of the dangers which are lurking behind the façade of quietness in this country, is to meet General Bengoa. He is the ideal successor to Peron. Intellectually, he is a simple man. Politically, he is manageable. These, of course, were not Peron's personal characteristics, but they are the best possible for anybody who wants to succeed him. The reason for this is that all the Nazis, nationalists, extreme right-wing Catholics—all those elements which first backed Peron and were later discarded by him—are now rallying around the remants of Peronism and need a leader with national prestige to lead them. The man who represents all these conflicting interests is the notorious Nazi, Mario Amadeo—a good-looking pseudo-intellectual, who likes to be compared with Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera, the founder of the Spanish Falange. Amadeo cannot hope to become president in a free election. His record is too well known and even some Peronists might remember that he abandoned the sinking ship rather ignominiously at one time. He needs a man like Bengoa to give his neo-Nazi-Peronist movement the façade of a "people's front."

The situation today is extremely critical. On the side of democracy, Frondizi and his left-wing Radicals are the only rallying point. The Socialists and the Communists are nowhere to be seen. The centre parties are all divided beyond hope. The right-wing groups are also fragmented into a dozen vague "movements" which range from the defunct Christian Democracy to the undiluted conservatism of old which now has risen under the transparent title of National Democrats. Above all this chaos, the Aramburu-Rojas regime, supported by the navy and a section of the army, represents the hopes of the upper middle classes, which see in its stability their own hope of survival. Outside normal political life, three and a half million Peronists are eagerly looking upon Bengoa and Amadeo as the successor to their departed leader.

The prospect is not a happy one, and one does not have to be pessimistic to fear that these months might only be an interregnum between two fairly similar dictatorships.

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CHARING CROSS ROAD LONDON

Meditations of Herr Keuner

This fragment by Bertholt Brecht (translated by H. Fraenkel) is published for the first time in Britain.

REUNION

A man who had not seen Keuner for a long time greeted him with these words: "You haven't changed at all."

"Oh," said Herr K, deeply shocked.

TWO TOWNS

Herr K preferred Town B to Town A.

"In A," he said, "they love me, but in B they were kind to me. In A they helped me, but in B they needed me. In A they asked me to table, but in B they took me into the kitchen."

CONVINCING QUESTIONS

"I have noticed," said Herr K, "that many people are shying off our doctrine because we seem to have an answer for everything. Would it not be better propaganda to draw up a list of questions which we consider to be utterly unsolved?"

A GOOD ANSWER

Asked in Court whether he wished to give an affirmation or whether he preferred to take a religious oath, a working man answered: "I am out of work."

"This was no mere absentmindedness," said Herr K, "by this answer the man declared himself to be in a position in which neither the question put to him nor the judicial system as a whole made any sense at all."

SUCCESS

As he watched an actress passing by, Herr K said: "She is beautiful."

His companion said: "She had a great success last night because she is so beautiful."

Herr K was annoyed and said: "She is beautiful because she had a success."

THE INDISPENSABLE OFFICIAL

Herr K heard much praise of an official long established in his office and alleged to be practically indispensable.

"Why is he indispensable?" asked Herr K in some annoyance.

"The office just couldn't be run without him," said his admirers.

"Evidently," said Herr K, "the man is a very bad official. He had enough time so to organise his office as to make himself dispensable. What is he up to? I will tell you: up to blackmail."

HELPING A FRIEND

As an example for the proper way to help friends, Herr K used to tell this story:

Three young Arabs came to see an old friend and told him:

"Our father has died. He left us 17 camels, and in his will he stipulated that the eldest was to have one half, the second son one third, and the youngest one ninth of the camels. Now we cannot agree on how to share the camels. Tell us what to do."

The old Arab thought it over and said:

"So as to share properly you are one camel short. I am a poor man and I own only one camel, but you may use it. Take it, do your share-out according to your father's will, and return to me whatever may be left over."

The young men thanked their old friend, took his camel away, and proceeded to share out the 18 camels in the manner stipulated: the eldest taking half, meaning nine; the second taking one third, meaning six; and the youngest one ninth, meaning two camels. They were surprised to see one camel left over. This, reaffirming their thanks, they returned to the old man.

Herr K considered this way to help friends a very proper one because it did not involve any particular sacrifice.

SERVING A PURPOSE

Herr K put himself these questions.

"Every morning my neighbour starts his gramophone. What does he want the music for? They tell me he uses it for his P.T. exercises. Why that? Because, so I hear, he wishes to be strong. Why does he require so much strength? Because, so he says, he has to prevail over his enemies. Why must he prevail over them? He says it's because he has to eat."

Having heard that his neighbour required music for his physical training; needed exercise to be strong; wished to be strong so as to slay his enemies; and had to slay them so as to eat, Herr K put this final question: "Why does he eat?"

BERTOLT BRECHT

On Satellites and Saps

No longer quiet flow the Don,
  The Danube and the Vistula;
A satellite, when sat upon,
  Causes a painful fistula;
And freedom, spreading like a fever,
Delights such fervent souls as Beaver.

French planets, too, are up in arms,
  But Beaver finds it all a bother,
For Arab freedom has no charms
  In Beaver's eyes—or those of Rother;
The worth of freedom is uncertain,
Except beyond the Iron Curtain.

It manifestly would be right
  When nations other nations gobble
To set alight a satellite
  And make an Empire reel and wobble;
Yet such behaviour would be vip'rous,
Say, in Algeria—or Cyprus.

When, after many a summer, died
  The Red Czar of the Russian nation
The Beaver Organs told with pride
  Of their improving circulation;
One Empire, backed by mournful numbers,
Cruel Immortality encumbers. . . .

A bonfire is a boon, God wot,
  But why should Fawkes alone be fêted?
Are there no Guys that we forgot
  When *homo sap.* got pixilated?
I'd stuff their effigies and burn 'em
If that could teach, not merely learn 'em.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Fleet Street Notebook

THE Prime Minister was by all accounts in a mood of high exultation when he announced his ultimatum in the House of Commons. It is to be hoped—but not with much confidence—that the mood was tempered somewhat when he read the papers the following morning. He was of course given enthusiastic support by some of those who had lined up solidly behind him on his earlier Suez policy. But not by all. *The Times*, recovering its sense of responsibility, stepped out of line. It was cautious and restrained. But it did not disguise its disquiet. It opened its leading article by underlining the gravity of the decision. Although prepared to say that "boldness often pays," it made no secret of its conviction that "there are evident risks in the manner and in the timing of the Anglo-French counter action which cannot be ignored." It concluded: "While recognising all Nasser's hostility, it is difficult to argue that any words of his, decrying the Tripartite Declaration, exempt the Powers from their obligation to act in concert regarding frontiers and armistice lines."

The *Manchester Guardian* was, of course, much more forthright. "The Anglo-French ultimatum," the opening sentence of its leader declared, "is an act of folly without justification in any terms but brief expediency." It asked "what possible right have we to attack another country?" And it characterised British and French military action in the bluntest way as "flagrant aggression." To the *News Chronicle* the government's decision was "a gigantic gamble," thrusting us into "a cauldron from which it may take

PERIQUE—AND THE PIPE OF PEACE

Perique—the subtle secret of Three Nuns

When next you fill your pipe with Three Nuns Tobacco, consider the dark centre which those curious curly discs possess. This is the black heart of Perique. Long before the Boston Tea Party, Indian Braves were cultivating Perique in a small ten-mile area not more than 50 miles north of New Orleans. The first white man to join them was Pierre Chenet, known as 'Perique', and it was he who gave this unique tobacco its name. He found, like others after him, that only in this tiny plot of land can the exacting conditions necessary for the successful growth of Perique be fulfilled. And so, with an ancestry that reaches back to the untutored Brave and his pipe of peace, Perique, expertly blended, bestows upon today's Three Nuns smoker perfect tranquillity.

Three Nuns

with the black heart of Perique

years to extricate ourselves." The *Daily Herald* was no less condemnatory.

Sir Anthony had, as might be expected, the support of the *Daily Telegraph*, which headed its leader "For law and the Canal." The *Daily Express*, jubilant as ever, called for "unstinted praise" for Sir Anthony, explaining to those of its readers who take its leading articles seriously that what he had done was "a prudent step, a necessary step, and one that deserves unqualified support from the nation." The *Daily Sketch* was even less restrained. "The critics of Eden are the critics of Britain," it shouted. But the *Mail* significantly had its doubts. "We have acted," it said, "without legal sanction . . . whether there is sufficient warrant should be made clearer . . ."

I have, on one or two occasions, been taken to task by readers of this column for failing to pay due attention to the *Daily Worker* in my examinations of the daily press. The early part of this week seemed to provide a suitable opportunity for repairing the omission. It has proved a disagreeable task. I do not know how many of the *Daily Worker's* few but faithful readers depend upon it wholly for their understanding of the world. If there are any such, their conception of the course of events in Hungary must be odd indeed. The *Worker's* first reaction to the Hungarian revolt was to try desperately to pretend that it did not exist. The first news of the risings appeared in its columns under the disguise of "a series of Hyde Park type meetings," an example of myosis surely without equal in modern journalism. "No one," said the *Worker* special correspondent in Budapest, "should think these events were anti-Hungarian Workers Party, or directed against the Hungarian Republic." He added, however, that in the demonstration one of the slogans shouted by the crowd was: "Long live Imre Nagy, foremost Leninist in Hungary. He must have his place in the Central Committee and the Government."

By the following day the *Daily Worker* had ceased to pretend that the revolt did not exist. It had decided instead to present it as a capitalist counter-revolution by murder gangs who were being strongly resisted by the workers. "Hungarian workers answer," screamed its streamer heading across eight columns: "Armed groups defend factories against wreckers." Its leading article announced that the Hungarian workers "had rallied around its government and smashed this attempt to put the clock back." They had been able to accomplish this, it was explained, because "Soviet troops joined their Hungarian comrades in arms and shed their blood once more helping to save the country and people from reaction."

On Friday, in an appeal for funds, the *Daily Worker* explained that money was wanted "to get the Socialist analysis of the truth out of the present melting pot." Its own contribution to truth on this day was a further leading article explaining that Soviet troops were "assisting the Hungarian people to retain their independence from Imperialism." "This was not," it said, "a popular uprising against a dictatorial government," but "an organised and planned effort to overthrow by undemocratic and violent means a government in process of carrying through important constructive measures." By Saturday, however, it was announcing that a new Hungarian government was expected on "a broad popular basis," and come Monday its leading article was explaining that "counter-revolutionary action *and* just demands of the people were both factors in the situation." The "constructive" government of Saturday had become one which had tragically failed to act promptly in dealing with the justified grievances of the people. Fearing no doubt that it was hardly on top of the news, the *Worker* also appealed for funds to pay the cost of sending a special correspondent to Hungary. What had happened to its earlier special correspondent was not stated.

By Tuesday the *Worker* had realised that it had backed the wrong horse. Instead of denouncing "wreckers" and "murder gangs," its leader stated that in the course of the struggle for Hungary, "many sections of the working people have put forward proposals which are justified, which arose from bitter experience of the past period and which the government, the Party and the people should work in unity to implement." Pending a dispatch from its new correspondent, it fell back on quoting *Szabad Nep's* tribute to the students and workers who "have proved that they represent such a political source as is capable of becoming a guiding and irreplaceable force . . . because from the first moment of the demonstration and fighting they declared many times—and in the course of the fighting proved it—that they were not against popular rule and that they were neither Fascists nor counter-revolutionaries nor bandits." It seems a pity that the *Worker* was unable to discover this earlier.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

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The Price of a Binder

In the west, the grass still goes on growing late into the back-end of the year, blue-green and cold and soaked. There may not be much feeding value in it, yet the cows still give a very high butter-fat content in their milk. Like most farms in Kintyre we are all set for the winter work, tattooing the calves, getting the dung out onto the fields, doing all the clearing up and tidying that has had to wait over harvest. It's the time, too, when next year's problems begin to take shape.

I bought my binder, reconditioned, some ten seasons back; before that I used to hire from the government depot—an endless nuisance, for it never came just when one wanted it. But now, in spite of new spares hurriedly telephoned for and sent on by plane, it is always having minor break-downs. There was one evening in harvest when I knocked off at 7 o'clock, in time for a village hall management committee, but was uneasily aware that two committee members were still at work on that binder, all because we were stuck for an hour in the afternoon.

So I've got to get, not only a small swathe-turner and hay-rake to replace my old horse rake, but also a binder. Like a true West Highlander by adoption, I always look the other way when financial trouble approaches, hoping it will have disappeared when I look round again. But the price of a new binder with a power drive—I shall need that in the next ley field, which is likely to be damp and put too much strain onto a wheel drive—remains inexorably at over £300. A reconditioned one might be less, but I'm afraid nobody in his senses will take my old binder in part exchange.

How necessary is harvest in the farm economy? I can't make up my mind. In many parts of the Highlands they cut the corn green to make hay or, better, silage, concentrating on plenty of winter feed for more young cattle, whose selling price will pay for hen's meal instead of the oats that mine get as their main food. Equally, cattle cake will be bought in, instead of the crushed oats we give the dairy cows. One wouldn't, of course, have one's own delicious locally ground oatmeal for porridge, but, after all, there are all kinds of breakfast food in packets.

If corn is cut green, it needs only a mower. And that I have. So where do I go? What do I set against the price of a binder? I have an uneasy feeling that it is better national economics to grow one's own hen and cattle food as far as possible, rather than encourage the millers to take all the good out of our white loaves and re-sell us the remains at a high price. And then, I like harvest.

That, in a way, is rather peculiar. Evening after evening one is frantically tired, arms and back aching, watching the evening sky with worry, shaking one's head over the weather report, saying that this B.B.C. crowd never know a thing about *our* weather. One finds oneself quite unable to think about Suez and the future of the Labour Party; Critic's Diary is far too intellectual at harvest time—oh, am I beginning to arrive at why I like harvest? Isn't it that, for a time, one is concentrated on one apparently worthwhile and also attainable end? Attainable by struggle, by primitive human exertion and in companionship. This year I had a particularly enthusiastic crowd of visitors—surely it wasn't all just being polite to their hostess! They pitchforked nobly, drove the Land-Rover with *élan*, and learnt quickly to distinguish between a damp sheaf and a dry one. Most people, I think, enjoy learning and using a new skill.

Ordinary agricultural work can be solitary. A day's ploughing, satisfactory in a way, may mean nobody to exchange a word with for hours. You can't even talk to a tractor the way you could to a horse. But harvest is all in a crowd. Even

Lachlan on the stack, comparatively isolated, is the king of a busy stack-yard, with the trailer loads coming in, Colin or Eddie forking, and Wal keeping the stack, that is to say going round the stack as it is building, knocking the butts of the sheaves in with a spade or a flat piece of wood on a handle, occasionally pulling one out a little, warning the builder if he is a wee bit light here or there, and putting in the props so that the whole thing doesn't shift before it settles.

Things went well. There are twelve nice stacks in the yard. The corn was in good order; one stack started heating slightly, but, with a couple of sheaves pulled out and a prop put in to open it up to the breeze, it cooled down quickly. Now the golden-brown stacks are thatched with green, glistening rushes, carefully tied down with stack rope, except for the ones which will be threshed soon; these have just a piece of fishing net over them. We can always make good use of any old piece of net the fishermen have done with.

It is the same all over Kintyre, though some of the corn was very difficult to cut where it went down after the July storms. We all made the most of the few days of good weather, working on until late. We could still see to pick up the sheaves in the field and pitch them in and the Land-Rover could wobble over the road with head lights on and the dark heavy load behind, yet it was too dark to go on building and the last load had to be left with a tarpaulin over it, to start off the next morning. We all knew enough about conditions elsewhere to be very grateful for those few bright days.

As soon as the corn was off the ley field, Lachlan opened the gate to the Bay and drove in the Galloways. There was a good deal of corn lying which the binder had missed; it was grand feeding and set the spring calves on to box one another. Then I bought in some three score of lambs at the Tarbert sale and put them onto the second stubble field, but didn't leave them there too long in case they would tear up the young under-sown grass, in the way that sheep do. As soon as we got the ricks of hay off Sheneval—and we started on them as soon as the corn was in—we got the lambs onto the long green aftermath, just the thing for fattening up a hill lamb for the November sales.

Dunkie was a bit behind with his harvest, and not, indeed, for the first time. We went up the glen and gave him a day. We'll spin out Wal's potatoes with our machine in a morning. Then we shall borrow Duncan's tattooing iron for our calves, and so it goes. Lachlan says we should be doing more yet for one another and it is cheerier so. Meanwhile Dunkie has given me one of his black lambs, because I'm one for black sheep!

But what about the binder? I shall have hay enough to sell, but then, everyone round here had a huge hay crop so there is no local market. There will be corn to sell next month after the mill has been round. But again, the buyers will be on the mainland and my sacks of corn have to go more than a hundred miles by lorry before they get to the man who will pay for them; and that is a journey that takes a fat slice of the price off. So I doubt if the price of a binder will come out of that.

If I am lucky with the lambs there should be a profit there. I bought in more than usual just because I had so much extra grass; but then, so did everyone else and the auction prices rose accordingly, so that, for instance, some of the cross lambs—blackface mother and Border Leicester father—fetched nearly as much as their ultimate grading price. So I'm still left swithering about the new binder.

NAOMI MITCHISON.

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NOVEMBER

The School Play

A PROFESSIONAL ACTOR, watching the parents take their seats, which are excessively hard, in the gymnasium, which is excessively cold, might well experience a sinking of the heart. This audience has not come to be purged by pity or by terror; this audience is incapable of rolling, however figuratively, in the aisles. Except for a sprinkling of new boys' mothers and the insufferable parents of the star performer, this audience knows what it is in for. The lights go out, one by one. The small but cumbrous curtains part jerkily, and the music-master, clad in a duffle-coat and partially asphyxiated, is revealed trying to abate the clouds of smoke pouring from the witches' cauldron. He stumbles off, and an outburst of coughing drowns the opening incantations of the three Weird Sisters. Before the November afternoon is over, the feeling, common to most of the parents, that their offspring deserved a role more prominent than that allotted to him, has evaporated. Second Murderer was about his mark, after all. In sagging tights, a huge black wig and a dagger the size of a cutlass, Timothy never really gave the impression of being at home on the stage. A total lack of conviction marked the manner in which he piped his lines, whose delivery appeared to cause him acute embarrassment. "You were much the best, darling", his mother loyally tells him afterwards, tactfully suppressing the impulse to get to work with a moistened handkerchief on the deposits of burnt cork remaining in his eyebrows. His father asks him if he has been any good at football this term. "Thank Heavens", he says a little later in the car, "we haven't got to go through *that* again until next year."

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The Arts and Entertainment

The Vulgar Art

THOSE who think all jazz crude and vulgar can rarely grasp the fact that jazz-lovers—that set of instinctive highbrows—resent a vulgarisation of their music as bitterly as boxing fans resent all-in wrestling, and for analogous reasons. But what are they to do about Lionel Hampton, whose superb talents and peculiar insensitiveness to bad taste are as notorious in jazz as those of the late Mr. John McCormack were in classical singing? The public relations people at Hampton's first British concerts in the Empress Hall had cause for unalloyed pleasure: there had already been rock-and-roll riots. But the agents, critics, band-leaders and girl-vocalists who fought their way to the bars in the interval—I list them in descending order of ages and ascending order of looks—were as cagey as a collection of art critics who wish to explain to one another that they can see certain merits in Sgn. Annigoni without making damaging admissions. Only Miss Annie Ross of *Cranks*, an extremely talented singer who knows the weaknesses of the Hampton band because she has worked with it, was nevertheless prepared to commit herself firmly. "I liked it," she said. "I got with it. It swings."

Miss Ross is, of course, right. The demerits of the Hampton Band are startling. As coloured orchestras go, it is middling, though it possesses a good-looking girl saxophonist in a pink dress, and some players of standing who, to judge by their mute attempts to dissociate themselves from the clowning which went on around them, know how much better things could be. It is best not to think about the quality of the musical arrangements, the general *mise-en-scène*, and the systematic and dogged efforts to rouse the audience to riot in the aisles. But there is no denying that the band swings and drives like an express train. No doubt there are bands which can give us such solid and electrifying noise with less vulgarity, or, for that matter, without sacrificing their brass sections quite so lightly. But it is good jazz all right, and we have not heard its like in years. Besides, who can blame Hampton for sticking to a formula which has kept him in big money in Harlem at times when more fastidious or purist orchestras failed? And then there is Hampton himself, who plays tom-toms, two-finger piano, drums, and vibraharp, sings, juggles with drumsticks and parades through the auditorium at the head of his band. He has only to play for us to realise that he is more than a good showman and unbelievable virtuoso on all rhythmic instruments: he is a remarkable artist. Perhaps the effect of his art is all the more striking, because his spontaneous style is utterly opposed to the noisy frenzy which he invariably generates round himself. His great merit as a drummer lies in a sensitive touch and utterly relaxed tempo. To fudge emotion or hysteria on his favourite instrument, the vibraharp)a set of tubular bells struck with mallets), is almost impossible, even when the simple, melodious, bell-like notes are produced with tremendous speed. In fact, Hampton makes no attempt to do so, relying instead on a fair gift for melodic invention and an uncanny sense of touch and rhythmic timing. (Since his magnificent early records have, for no obvious reason, not been issued on LP, he is perhaps heard to best advantage on *Stardust* by the Lionel Hampton All Stars, *Brunswick* LA 8531, a magnificent piece of improvisation.) To define "swing," that essential quality in jazz, is almost impossible; but, whatever it is, Hampton is a model of it. Only, one wishes he would do something about the band.

Meanwhile the advance of jazz into older cultural territory continues. Mr. Humphrey Lyttleton is to play in Moscow next year, an impressive piece of evidence for peaceful coexistence, considering the traditional Soviet attitude in these matters. And a friend sends me the catalogue of the Loan Record Library of a Cambridge College, the jazz section of which has been selected by the Assistant Tutor. The selection, which ranges from records of rag-time pianola rolls of pre-1914 vintage to Miles Davis and his cool colleagues (on LC 6683) in 1949-50 and the splendid Louis Armstrong Plays W. C. Handy in 1954 (on BBL 7017), can and will doubtless serve as an admirable introduction for beginners. Happily, the list contains one of the finest, and least appreciated of this year's records, that made by the trombonist Dicky Wells with Coleman (trumpet) and the gypsy guitarist Django Reinhardt in Paris in 1937 (CLP 1054). Perhaps the education of the undergraduates might be even further advanced by the inclusion of the Vic Dickenson Septet (Vanguard PP 12000 and PP 12015), which demonstrates not only the work of some gifted older players and a brilliant young white trumpeter, Ruby Braff, but also that good contemporary jazz need be neither doctrinaire "ancient" nor doctrinaire "modern"; though the jazz world is such that even this unpretending and moving kind of playing is already being turned into a doctrine (under the title of "Mainstream" jazz) by some characters.

But, alas, the future of jazz depends not on college lending libraries but on people like Mr. Joe Glaser, who runs Armstrong and Sugar Ray Robinson, and one end of the Lionel Hampton visit, and whose recent visit to London confirmed the reputation which he has long been building up among the *cognoscenti* as the Sam Goldwyn of his world. (A tougher Goldwyn, for Capone's Chicago, in which Mr. Glaser started business, was a tougher environment than even Hollywood.) And while this is so, we might as well get used to the fact that the showmen, the cheesecake and the teenage morons belong to jazz as we know it, just as much as the dedicated players and purist jazz-lovers. We might even get what enjoyment we can out of them. There is pleasure in oystershells as well as oysters and pearls, and in this art the three always go together.

FRANCIS NEWTON

Two New Works

WHEN Alan Rawsthorne's First Violin Concerto was given at the Cheltenham Festival of 1948, it seemed to me a beautiful and satisfying work; and this impression was confirmed when the Oxford University Press published the score. But the Concerto has not been taken up as I think it deserves to be, and chances of hearing it are unfortunately rare.

Last week Endre Wolf and the BBC Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Pedro de Freitas Branco, gave to Rawsthorne's Second Violin Concerto its first two performances, one at the Festival Hall, and one from a studio; and I cannot pretend that the new work struck me as in any way comparable with its predecessor. It opens, *dolce e cantabile*, with a promising lyrical theme for the soloist, built from three triads. One by one, the woodwind steal in; then the solo violin gently turns the theme upside down; and all this, in its airy simplicity and gentle melancholy, is rather beautiful. Soon, as the programme analyst puts it, "the music is urged to its first climax"; and in his accidental choice of words he has hit upon just the quality that is most disappointing in the work: it has indeed to be "urged" this way and that; it seems to live no inner life of its own; it is all too evidently "made up," Rawsthorne is a first-rate craftsman, and all he does is clear and orderly; but his new Concerto lacks that feeling of inner necessity—of being *obliged* to go thus and no otherwise—which is the quality common to all vital music, from the popular song-hit to the *B minor Mass*. There is a high degree of thematic unification in the work, and the two later movements, a somewhat rhetorical *Poco lento* and a concluding set of variations, contain some good things. But the good things don't add up; the total effect is meandering, grey and spiritless. For some reason, the violin concerto, unlike the piano concerto, is a form in which composers tend to say all they have to say at one swoop. Who since Mozart (with the possible exception of Prokofiev?) has written more than a single good specimen of the form?

By an odd accident of planning, on the same night as the Rawsthorne *première* the Third Programme broadcast a large new work by Phyllis Tate, *The Lady of Shalott*. Luckily, I managed to reach home in time to hear the excellent performance of this "Cantata in four movements"

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by Alexander Young and a small chamber ensemble under Walter Goehr. Tennyson's poem, set in its entirety for solo tenor voice, had seemed in prospect a distinctly rum choice. The length of the poem, the ornate beauty of the diction, the perpetual rhyming of "Camelot" and "Shalott," the Hermione-Gingold-like bewitched Lady weaving away like mad, remote and unseen in her solitary tower: all this might well have daunted any composer; but Miss Tate not only takes the difficulties in her stride, she positively revels in them. Despite the expansive nature of music, she contrives to get through the poem at a surprising rate, yet with strict attention to its heraldic beauty of detail. Her music has great impulse; it wells up continually and forges ahead like a clear stream. She has always had a fine sense of texture; and *The Lady of Shalott* is delightfully laid out for the crisp sound of two pianos (the Misses Peppin), celesta and assorted light percussion, to which in the last section a viola is most poetically added.

The four parts of the poem are treated in four movements. The first, mainly in 6/8 time, is built from an upward scale theme which perpetually renews itself with remarkable variety and flexibility. Part II describes the endless weaving of the secluded Lady in a kind of *moto perpetuo*, softening at the end into an exquisite lyrical passage at the lines beginning "Or when the moon was overhead." Part III, an *Alla marcia* suggesting the gallant passage of Sir Lancelot, is at first perhaps a little brisk and scout-masterish in tone, but melts into pure poetry at the knight's "Tirra lirra" song. Last come a Barcarolle and Epilogue, while the Lady floats down to Camelot, "singing her last song": it is here that we first hear the solo viola. I was not quite sure about the glissando effects allotted to this instrument; they were like tattered veils, and therefore appropriate, yet the effect seemed too informal to be truly Tennysonian, whereas elsewhere throughout the long poem the composer's response to the poet's atmosphere and prosody is fine, exact and scrupulous. As in her *Nocturne for Four Voices*, the vocal writing follows what one might call the Pears-Britten tradition; but it has become more spontaneous and more abundantly lyrical. The whole piece is fresh, original and totally unexpected; I long to hear it again.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Political Fantasies

WITH the imminence of the formal opening of a new session of Parliament, the relations between politics and broadcasting, always simmering steadily on the smoky fire at the back of our minds, start bubbling and hissing again.

The *Daily Mirror* demands that television should show the nation the Queen delivering the Gracious Speech from the Throne. This might well be, on a more modest scale, as popular an item as the Coronation—particularly if the cameras were able to rove, during the speech, among the richly comic assortment of peers assembled on the floor of the House of Lords; the peeresses gazing down from the galleries through lorgnettes with as much insouciance as if their tiaras were real, or their own, or didn't have to go straight back into hock; and those lumpy fellows, the Commons, bunched below the Bar and shifting uneasily from foot to foot as the crisp uninflected, sensible Voice recites the immemorial clichés—"My ministers will continue to seek . . . . Consideration will be given . . . My relations with foreign powers . . . "

Yes, it might well be fascinating television—which is an additional reason why the less gifted, televisually, of our legislators will resist it as "the thin end of the wedge" of televising Parliament itself. Whether it would enhance the prestige of Parliament is another matter: if broadcast internationally on the Eurovision network, it would presumably confirm foreigners in their view of England as a misty Nordic Ruritania in which ceremonial is used to conceal rather than to symbolise reality. On the domestic consumer it might have an even more disastrous effect: many of those not reduced to ribaldry by the rigmarole (and there would not be, remember, as at the Coronation, the organ-music and other ecclesiastical solemnities to condition viewers to reverence) might well, such is the ignorance of the English about their own Constitution, be left with a sense—a feeling rather than a belief—that Her Majesty was in some way a member of the Conservative Government and that it wouldn't be nice to vote the other way next time. As Cabinet Ministers called on to defend collective decisions with which they may not personally agree always privately complain, it takes a sophisticated electorate to dissociate a speaker from what he says.

It is also difficult for even the most sophisticated viewers and listeners, such as one must assume NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers to be, to dissociate a speaker's own views from a case that he may be presenting as part of a more or less fairly balanced argument. Sensitiveness to political bias, usually Right-wing bias, in BBC broadcasts is an endemic condition. I am sure that there is such bias, conscious or unconscious, in many instances (though I suspect that it is often apprehended not so much in the words used as in a sneering or condescending manner of using them); but I have again and again found it extremely difficult to secure a conviction.

Recently I received quite a crop of complaints about certain schools broadcasts. The broadcasts were identified specifically, and the summaries given by my indignant correspondents suggested that there had indeed been grave breaches of BBC impartiality, particularly objectionable in educational broadcasts. I took what seemed to be the two strongest cases, obtained from the BBC the scripts complained of, and read them with some care. I must resort to the Scottish verdict of "Not proven"—though, again, imagining the script delivered in a certain tone of voice, I can guess that some phrases and passages might have leaped out of their context to offend the delicate Radical ear.

One of these broadcasts was in a series of two talks on the problem of inflation, by Mr. Andrew Shonfield. One reader had said, of a passage in this script, that it had demanded "increased production—unaccompanied, it was understood, by increased wages." In fact, he had merely stated the standard axiom that a rise in money wages without increased production is inflationary, and he went on to cite (with apparent admiration) the case of Sweden, where the Trade Unions have agreed to claim this year wage increases totalling four per cent. because that increase could be covered by the expected extra output.

The reader had next alleged that the speaker "presented Mr. Macmillan's argument to this effect, and declared that the T.U.C. had no answer to it because the argument was unanswerable!"

What Mr. Shonfield had actually said was that, while the orthodox argument about wage increases and inflation was indeed unanswerable, the Trade Unions had mounted "a counter-attack of their own from another angle"—and he had gone on to summarise fairly their charge that it was Mr. Macmillan's own policy that had created the difficulties.

Studying this script, as I say, with care, I myself think that Mr. Shonfield should have made more of the real and the psychological effects of lavish dividend distribution and the ostentatious spending of capital; but, on the evidence before me, I am bound to acquit him of political bias.

The same goes, still more strongly, for the other most convincing complaint—this time of a schools broadcast on bread. Again in obviously good faith, a reader had alleged that the argument was loaded against subsidies. I would agree with him that the Government's view, after it had been stated, was left unchallenged; but it was given by a narrator at the end of a brief dialogue between a man and a woman, in the course of which the woman had emphasised that the point of sub-

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sidies was "to see that no one goes short of the essentials of life for lack of money."

To achieve an absolute balance in these broadcasts to schools must be almost insuperably difficult. Nor do I want to suggest that the BBC should be even more timid politically than it is. But can any teachers, or other readers, give examples of anti-Socialist bias in schools broadcasts which will stand up better to investigation than those I have dealt with?

TOM DRIBERG

Royal Occasion

STAR-GAZERS and autograph-hounds were already gathering for the Royal Film Performance when we came out having just seen the film in question. These Royal Films that were once dreadful are now respectable. *The Battle of the River Plate* (Odeon) might have been commissioned: nice naval interest, and a pity the Duke of Edinburgh should have been away. Not that I think he has really missed much. Not that the theme didn't beckon; on the contrary, it revives one's first bright memory of the war, and I have since conned that dramatic action in more than one form. Nor did the names Powell and Pressburger seem unhopeful. In fact, I went rosily relying on a "This is the kind of film we do well" feeling, without thinking too much about it.

We start with the sea, always safe—in a cinema—a ship's wake, and then aboard the *Graf Spee*. A merchantman has been sunk, a captain brought on: Langsdorff, the *Graf Spee's* captain (Peter Finch), it is insisted, was a humane man. The German battleship lurks darkly, while the British cruisers are a shining pale blue, brighter than the seas and skies they show on. Everything must be uncamouflaged, lightened. Langsdorff is decent. The British are heroic. Commodore Harwood, Commander South Atlantic (Anthony Quayle), is positively histrionic. These, I suppose, are prerequisites of a Royal Film. Of course, Langsdorff works for a bad master and chain-smokes cigars, whereas Harwood clenches a pipe, imitates Nelson, and—Britons never will be slaves!

It doesn't begin badly, it doesn't go on badly, and when we get to the interlude at Montevideo, with the *Graf Spee* berthing and prisoners released, our worst fears are unrealised. Bang and spout are there, but the finer chances were missed. The lure of this film should have been the wolf nature of the *Graf Spee*, the flair and tenacity of the British, the action itself (rather muddled), and the tragedy of Langsdorff (funked). The moment-to-moment temperature is not quite high enough.

What a film might have been made, with the emphasis on the *Graf Spee*, on the British prisoners below, on Langsdorff himself; then the Montevidean pause, the funeral of the *Graf Spee* dead attended by the British prisoners (here only briefly alluded to), and the scuttling of the ship followed by Langsdorff shooting himself (we get the first but not the second). In fact, a British victory offset by a personal tragedy would have made the kind of film I had gone hoping to see. The evasion of Langsdorff's end seems to me shameful. So also is the failure to indicate whether the scuttling came, as has always been stated, from Hitler's orders. But then perhaps I am asking too much: at the Press view there were claps when the news came through of Commodore Harwood's name in the honours list.

Also in the Royal Programme was a Halas and Batchelor cartoon, *The History of the Cinema*, in UPA style (last time they were Disneyish), a very diverting skit on progress in films.

Also—though not at the Royal Performance—*The Red Balloon*, written and directed by Albert Lamorisse. This should, one feels, have been a ten-minute cartoon, but is instead a real-life fantasy lasting 35 minutes about a small boy who climbs a lamp-post and captures a red balloon which follows him about and plays tricks. It waits outside his third floor window. It plagues his schoolmaster. It gets cornered in the end by street arabs with catapults. All the balloons of Paris come to the rescue of the bereft boy. The considerable charm of this piece is just a shade self-conscious and needs lift.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Picasso at Seventy Five, at the I.C.A.

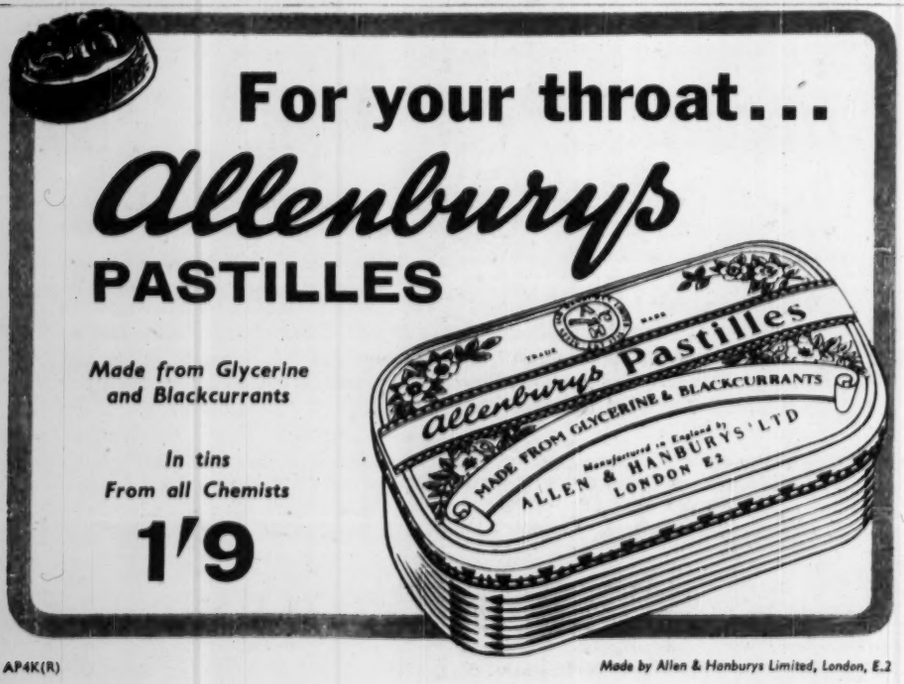
In honour of Picasso's seventy-fifth birthday, the Institute of Contemporary Arts is showing, under the title *Picasso Himself*, an exhibition of photographs, documents and souvenirs, interspersed with some original paintings and drawings. To say anything new about Picasso at this point might seem almost impossible; but Mr. Roland Penrose's idea of allowing the records of Picasso's life to speak for themselves is an original contribution to our knowledge and understanding of him. Picasso is undoubtedly the most forceful artistic personality of the twentieth century, and the smallest expression of this personality—an envelope decorated with a few splashes of colour or a photograph of him in false nose and whiskers—has a quality of originality and excitement. His face, unsoftened and intensified by age, is a source of continual fascination. But, at the same time, by the Nineteen Thirties it is already the face of a public figure at which we are looking, and any sense of intimacy or personal discovery is lost in the studied informality of photographs like those by Cecil Beaton or Man Ray. Therefore it is to the first part of the exhibition that one finds oneself returning again and again, where there is the unself-consciousness and spontaneity of a family album. Here we can see Picasso's attachment to Appollinaire and to Max Jacob, the tributes paid to him by Gris and Modigliani, a glimpse of Gertrude Stein's living room in the rue Fleurus, the walls crowded with Picassos and Matisses, or the impact of the Diaghileff ballet on Picasso and of Picasso on it. And throughout the exhibition, silent and in the background, is the succession of women who have been the main subject of Picasso's work and his continual source of inspiration.

J. G.

"Much Ado About Nothing," at the Old Vic

The Old Vic's policy of presenting all the plays of Shakespeare within five years has run them temporarily into a sticky patch—*Timon, Cymbeline* and *Much Ado* in a row. These are hardly the plays one would normally choose for a company of only moderate talent and little experience. Sir Ralph Richardson being there only for the *Timon* (last two performances on Saturday), the other two productions can only be workaday. The best things about the *Cymbeline* are the plain dark setting and Derek Godfrey's promising Iachimo. Mr. Michael Benthall drove his production plumb through the absurdities as if they didn't exist and gave us at least a clear outline. *Much Ado* has to suffer by comparison with the classic Gielgud-Ashcroft revival and what could stand up to that? Keith Michell and Barbara Jefford are not experienced at high comedy but by repertory standards they did very well, leaning a little as was only proper on the styles of their respective predecessors. Evidently on the first night things went badly. On the second they had settled down and the production (by Denis Carey) was lively without being overdone. Mr. Peter Rice's set was not one of his happiest, but the dresses were charming. Those who haven't the comparison with the earlier production too much in mind will find this an acceptable version of the play.

T. C. W.



Correspondence

THE CRACKING OF STALIN'S EMPIRE

SIR,—May I, as a convinced Socialist who attended the World Youth Festival in Budapest in 1949, express my horror and disgust at the events of the past week? What the Hungarian people object to is not the social system as such, but the way in which their social revolution, that was carried through between 1945 and 1949 (and which had the support of the great majority of the people), has been perverted and finally wrecked by the Stalinists. In 1949, as those who attended the Youth Festival will remember, there was a great sense of liberation, and though there was a good deal of bad feeling about reparations to the Soviet, it was not sufficient to offset the real social liberation of people who had previously worked on feudal estates under conditions of poverty and indignity, or of subjection to Horthy and German Imperialism.

What are British Communists to do in this parlous situation? The events of the past week are enough to make any honest Communist hot with shame and anger. The blame for the present state of affairs rests fairly upon the shoulders of the Stalinists, Soviet and native. British Socialists should exert their influence to the utmost to ensure a solution which combines democratisation on the one hand with the retention of the social changes carried through between 1945 and 1949, and which had the support of the great majority of the people (contrary to what has been asserted by various right-wing propagandists).

It would be tragic if the old regime were able to stage a comeback by using anti-Communist demagogy, and destroy the gains of the earlier period. Not only that. The present frontiers are precisely those which

Hungary had in 1919, to which Hungarian chauvinists took such exception. A chauvinistic regime would almost certainly restart the "Nem, Nem, Soha" agitation which would threaten Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Tito's Yugoslavia and constitute a much worse threat to peace than the existing situation.

The British Communists ought to dissociate themselves in the strongest terms from the action taken by the Hungarian authorities, and should at the same time give the maximum support to Gomulka, and to those Czech Communists who are trying to re-introduce democracy into the present social structure. What has happened in Hungary is a grim warning to all honest Socialists and Communists, and we should be firmly resolved that this must not occur again. The Communist Party should lose no time in removing all Stalin-minded types from positions of responsibility, and if they won't go voluntarily the rank-and-file should politely compel them to. Those party officials who knowingly spread Stalinist myths must go if there is to be genuine democracy in the party and in the country, whether the party is in power either alone, or as partners in a Coalition. This applies with even greater force to France and Italy. Socialists and Communists cannot possibly allow their struggle for social justice to be hamstrung by the blunders of a man who, though he achieved a great deal, was far from being infallible. British leftists must find their own solutions to the problems involved in the Socialist transformation in our own country. In any case, the Soviet Union no longer has a monopoly of inspiration. Togliatti and Gomulka (to say nothing of the Chinese) are probably better Communists than anyone living in the Soviet Union today. The Hungarian people want to see the end of Stalinism and its stooges, but they quite definitely approved of the changes between 1945 and 1949, and British Socialists should use their utmost influence to bring about this solution, combining democratisation with the retention of the reforms of the period 1945-49. All those who attended the Youth Festival have a part to play here. Now is the time to peak out!

EX-STALINIST

THE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL

SIR,—In your issue of Oct. 27, "Marxist" in referring to Stalinism, Hitlerism and the Comintern states: "The chain of cause and effect passes through Berlin, but it returns to Moscow in the end."

Complex social events can have many causes. It is doubtless true that some of the causes of the establishment of Stalinism can be traced to Moscow. But can all the causes be attributed to Moscow? Marx and Engels anticipated the possibility of the signal for a European revolution being given by Russia (see Preface to the Russian edition of the *Communist Manifesto* of 1882). After the Russian revolution the Bolsheviks did what they could to encourage revolutions in western Europe. But the Labour and Socialist organisations in Germany, France and Britain failed to make the required changes. Consequently the Soviet Union was isolated, with extreme pressures from enemies both from within and from without. Stalinism followed. Had the Labour and Socialist organisations succeeded in making the required changes within the nations of western Europe, it is doubtful if Hitlerism or Stalinism would have been established.

20 Amisfield St., Glasgow.

D. ANDERSON

THE TWO CULTURES

SIR,—Unlike the writer of "New Minds for the New World" C. P. Snow is too defeatist about "scientific" culture—as compared with what he calls the "traditional" culture (by which he means presumably "the arts"). Speaking in terms of higher education in this country, the scientific culture is by no means a traditionless newcomer to the intellectual scene. In fact it has a tradition longer than that of most of the "arts." As long ago as the 12th century, the standard course at the new universities of Oxford and Cambridge (the *Trivium* and *Quadrivium*) contained arithmetic, geometry and astronomy; and to these were added in the 13th century the "Three Philosophies"—Natural Sciences, Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics. In fact, John of Salisbury was forced to protest that poetry and history were being pushed out by these new scientific and philosophical subjects. Surely the first complaint by an "arts" man against the encroachment of science!

In more modern times, the organised study of modern science began in the universities much earlier than did the most popular of the present-day "arts" subjects—history, English, modern languages, etc. The Natural Sciences Tripos at Cambridge began in 1850; the now popular English Tripos not until after World War I. Three centuries of scientific activity—embracing such names as Newton, Dalton, Faraday and Darwin—preceded organised scientific study in England. By comparison, Stubbs and Maitland and the modern faculties of history are parvenus. Only the classics can show a longer recent tradition; and it was indeed the advent of classical humanism which originally established the predominance of the "arts" man. But even here, it is probable that science, with its spirit of inquiry, is nearer to the ancient Greek ideal than the modern specialisations of Greek and Latin syntax. If Plato were reincarnated, and offered the choice of studying classics or the natural sciences, can there be any doubt as to which he would choose?

How then has science come to be looked on as not being part of "traditional" culture—in fact, as being inferior to it? I think a large part of the blame must rest with the organisation of scientific education in this country. Many persons interested in the humanities must feel themselves drawn to the arts rather than the sciences—because scientific education chooses to ignore completely those social and humanistic values which are embedded in the history and very nature of the sciences. Faced with two competing specialisations, the student can be forgiven if he chooses the one which seems to him more concerned with human beings and human problems. The arts are ever conscious of their cultural tradition. The scientist has almost forgotten his. To such an extent is this true, that the scientist who transcends his own particular specialism and seeks to communicate his culture to members of the other culture—to the lay public—is invariably regarded by his specialist colleagues as a "populariser" and somehow "phoney."

The conclusion is inescapable. Scientific education must be reorganised from top to bottom as an essentially humanistic subject—and this is surely possible. Until this is done, science will suffer a sense of inferiority towards the arts, the growth of science to its full stature will be impeded, and C. P. Snow will be able to think of human intellectual activity as consisting of two mutually opposed cultures.

ALAN HILL

56 Northway,
N.W.11.

COMPREHENSIVE EDUCATION

SIR,—Dr. Pedley's book, *Comprehensive Education: A New Approach*, raises an issue of immense importance to the Labour movement. Recent party conferences have shown surprising unity in demanding a comprehensive system of secondary education, based on the experience gained in Scotland, Scandinavia, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Hitherto the fact that from 1955 onwards secondary schools were bound to form the major part of the new building programme seemed to offer an excellent opportunity for this development. It was assumed that a Labour minister would encourage Local Education Authorities, in building their new secondary schools, to provide for all children aged 11-18 in the area. Most progressives in education envisaged schools of 1,000 pupils, like that at Holyhead, though the Middlesex Labour group held that 800 was preferable (and at their last conference the London Teachers' Association endorsed this view).

Now, however, the new secondary schools are being planned and equipped as tripartite units—grammar, technical and modern. L.E.A.s that wish to build comprehensives are being hamstrung by the conditions recently imposed by the minister. Despite the building cuts, it seems likely that in many areas the opportunity to design buildings for a comprehensive

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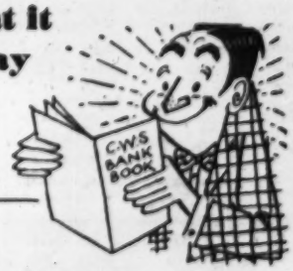

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intake will have passed by 1960. Moreover, most of the new schools will be much smaller than the proposed comprehensives.

Thus Socialists are faced by a new and challenging situation. It seems to me that the obvious choice will be between a smaller comprehensive for the full secondary age range (11-18), or a scheme of the kind Dr. Pedley suggests. On this view, his ideas are of great practical importance to the Labour movement. It was, therefore, with disappointment that I read the recent review in the NEW STATESMAN. Without at any time appearing unfair, the reviewer left the impression that suggestions for broad changes in secondary education were hardly more than academic exercises; he discussed some possible effects on the 5 per cent. in grammar school sixth forms, while completely ignoring the results on the 95 per cent. who do not reach this level under the present system. Even as an "encrusted Conservative in educational matters," would he not agree that our tripartite system of secondary schools is failing to provide both the general standard of education and the number of skilled specialists which our economic survival demands? If not, I would refer him to "New Minds for the New World."

29 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3. JOHN DIXON

BEVAN AND GERMAN REARMAMENT

SIR,—I read Barbara Castle's article on Blackpool with much sympathy and general agreement. But she must not allow the cult of the personality to betray her into falsification of history.

Nye Bevan's trouble with the party was not about German rearmament. Certainly he came near to be expelled, and the folly of his enemies is best illustrated by the fact that no one can now remember what it was about. It was the fear of giving the hatchet-men real grounds for getting rid of him that led him and his friends first to acquiesce in the party's decision not to oppose the government and then, when half a dozen of us in defiance of that decision did divide the House of Commons, to abstain with the compact majority.

Whether he was right or wrong will afford the historians one of the most fascinating controversies from our times. For myself, I believe he was profoundly wrong. I believe that, if 40 or 50 Labour M.P.s had voted against German rearmament on that fateful night, the French National Assembly would have rejected it outright, as they so nearly did. The consequences of that must have been profound. For that failure Nye Bevan will answer to history. We need not speculate as to the verdict. But Nye has made and is making so significant a mark on his times anyhow, that he can well afford to keep the record straight.

House of Commons. SYDNEY SILVERMAN

[It is true that the immediate incident which led to Mr. Bevan's loss of the whip on March 16, 1955, was not German rearmament. Whether or not "Nye Bevan's trouble with the party" (i.e., the attempt to expel him) was about German rearmament cannot be discussed without access, which is denied us, to the record of confidential proceedings in both the Parliamentary Labour Party and the National Executive. It was always understood by the press (and so far as we know never denied hitherto) that one of the three items in the general indictment against Bevan on that occasion was his tabling, on February 15, 1955, without the authority of the leadership, the famous motion on four-power talks and German rearmament. In any case, if Mr. Silverman is anxious to keep the record straight, he will agree that Bevan was the main inspiration of the long Labour Party campaign against German rearmament and by far its most influential and effective spokesman.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

BLOCKBUSTER

SIR,—There can be little doubt that, on a literal interpretation of the standing orders of the Labour Party, Mr. Hugh Jenkins, is quite right. He is by no means the first to raise this point as I can remember hearing precisely the same argument several years ago in one of the private sessions of the Labour Conference. No reply was made to it from the platform at the time.

However, Mr. Jenkins is not right in suggesting that block voting has been imposed on the unions by the failure of the party officials to carry out this rule literally. The casting of a single aggregate vote by a union as a whole is, rightly or wrongly, a long-standing tradition and practice of the trade union movement. The T.U.C. rules provide for voting "by card to be issued to the delegates . . . on the basis of one vote for every 1,000 members. . . ." Literally interpreted this *means* one card, the word "card" being singular.

There is nothing to stop any union asking for cards and I believe that at one time, the A.E.U. used to have several voting cards and distribute them among its delegation. But what difference would it really make if, instead of being issued with one card with 1,000,000 votes, the T. & G.W.U., for example, was issued with a thousand cards each bearing 1,000 votes? The T. & G.W.U. delegation would still meet and decide how those votes would be cast and all that would happen would be that Mr. Cousins, with the physical help of his fellow-delegates, would have to hold up 1,000 cards instead of one card. The idea that the T. & G.W.U., or any other big union, even if issued with separate cards, would for one moment contemplate allowing delegates to vote separately on any issue of importance, some for and some against, is wholly unrealistic and, if any union wishes to do so, there is really nothing to stop them from such a course at present.

In other words, Mr. Jenkins has discovered—or rather re-discovered—a point which, however valid it may be from a purely legalistic standpoint, in practice could only have the result of giving the tellers a headache without altering in the slightest the reality of voting.

J. STEWART COOK

Crossways,
Osborne Road, Windsor.

RUSSIAN TAXI-DRIVERS

SIR,—I was interested to read Mr. Driberg's review of Mr. Crankshaw's book on Russia in a recent number of the NEW STATESMAN. My experience in relation to taxi-drivers when in Russia recently for a few weeks was even better than Mr. Driberg's. Nothing ever went wrong, and the skill of the drivers was comparable with that of taxi-drivers in western capitals which means that it is very high. There is a great deal of very fast traffic about in the main streets of Moscow, but I was told that the accident rate is very low, and tending to diminish, as the control by the police is pretty strict.

However, the main point on which I wish to comment is hooliganism. My impression is that the Russian crime which is translated by this word is quite different from the English. Here hooliganism is essentially a crime of violence—there is, of course, technically no crime of that name—in Russia the word, whatever it is, seems to be used to describe disorderly drunkenness which more often than not is unaccompanied by violence.

The Russians are undoubtedly worried by the increase of this so-called "hooliganism," as I was asked about how we deal with it in England in most of the large cities which I visited. I imagine that the improving economic position makes more money available to spend on vodka, and on the excellent wines from Georgia and Armenia which are now such a feature of Russian hospitality.

With regard to actual crimes of violence I was informed that there had been a marked fall in the number of these since the period immediately after the war when they had been very common.

CHORLEY

The Rookery, Stanmore, Middx.

SCHOENBERG

SIR,—Mr. Shawe-Taylor complains that I failed to explain in my article why Schoenberg made the chords at the beginning of his Fourth Quartet out of the basic series, which has not yet been heard melodically. It is surely self-evident that the right place to introduce both the melodic and the chordal elements on which a work is based is at the beginning. The first time we hear the opening of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony we do not know why he wrote falling thirds instead of some other interval, but a few moments later we begin to find out. My object was to suggest why Schoenberg's opening makes a cogent musical statement in itself, quite apart from its obvious structural purpose.

There is a simple explanation of Schoenberg's attitude towards the wrong note to which Mr. Shawe-Taylor refers. Contrary to popular belief, Schoenberg sometimes broke his own rules if there were good musical reasons for doing so, and there are plenty of "wrong" notes in his work which are, in fact, correct. He knew from experience how unperceptive even his admirers could be, and made a habit of discouraging would-be correctors. Better to perpetuate the occasional slips in his MSS. (I think the note in bar 228 is one) than to invite the attention of editors who, like their 19th-century predecessors, might twist the texts in accordance with their own notions of musical grammar.

Merstham, Surrey. O. W. NEIGHBOUR

AMERICA AND THE BRITISH LEFT

SIR,—My friend Mr. Alan Taylor was fully entitled to suggest, in his review of my book *America and the British Left*, that I should have spent rather more time on the hackneyed themes of Bright's attitude during the American Civil War, and the British admiration for Wilsonian principles in 1917-19. But he was not justified in leaving your readers with the impression that I had said nothing about British sympathy for the "Wobblies," to which topic I devoted six pages; nor that I had ignored the doctrine of the American Socialist movement and the failure to establish a Labour Party in the United States, for this constitutes the moral (fairly clearly pointed out, I should have thought) of my seventh chapter.

Mr. Taylor is right to regard American politics as "peculiar." But so also are British politics. It is the historian's task to examine domestic peculiarities as well as foreign and, if possible, to account for them.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Concrete and Fastidious

DISINFECTED of all polemical associations, "social realism" could be a useful descriptive term for a certain kind of literature. To call a writer a social realist would mean that, whether writing real or feigned history, he deliberately confined his portrayal of human nature to those aspects which individuals reveal to each other through their deeds, their words and their looks. There is, of course, a great deal more to human nature than this. There is much which a man is unwilling or unable to reveal about himself to others, though others, through their own subjective experiences, can imagine some of it, but all this the social realist deliberately excludes.

He also, so far as it is possible, deliberately excludes himself from his narrative. He may possess, or believe that he does, a truer grasp of the real significance of their actions than his characters themselves, he may see them, for instance, as the unwitting agents of Divine Providence or the forces of History but, if so, he keeps his opinions to himself. In his narrative, cause, motive, effect, are what his characters think they are. Similarly, his own moral values may be very different from those of the society he is describing, but the only overt moral judgments he will express are those which his characters pass on each other.

This combination of impersonal narration plus the exclusion of all subjective elements of dream and fancy gives all social realist works certain literary qualities in common. In all of them, the variation in character lies within the human range and is consistent with the society to which the character belongs: the best are not demigods, the worst are not devils. Secondly, individuals will be presented in their social context which influences their character but never wholly commands it: kings are always distinguishable from peasants, but all kings are not serious-minded, nor all peasants comic clowns. Lastly, their speech, from its most elevated to its lowest, lies within the range of credible conversation. It follows from this that, though it is possible to write social realist works in verse, provided that the poet uses a mixed or middle style, prose is the natural and proper medium, and a prose, moreover, which is as free as possible from all rhetorical schematisation and metaphorical elaboration. Social realism is not, of course, the only or necessarily the best kind of literature. It seems, however, to be the latest kind to evolve and in some ways, perhaps, it is the most grown-up.

The Icelandic Sagas are one of the most extraordinary phenomena in cultural history, not because they are so good but because of the kind of goodness which they exhibit. Had the Icelanders of the Middle Ages gone on writing verse epics like *The Battle of Maldon* or turned to ballads, we might admire them as much but we should not be so astonished. What they actually did, however, was to produce a socially realist literature centuries before any other part of Europe even attempted such a thing, and of a quality which, within its limited scale, has never been surpassed.

So long as one does not claim that, given their circumstances, the Icelanders were bound to write as they did, there is some point in considering the ways in which, compared with their contemporaries in the rest of Europe, their life was peculiar. The majority of the settlers were of aristocratic origin who had left Scandinavia because they wished neither to be ruled nor to rule but to be independent. They had inherited the warrior *ethos* of their class, but their profession was no longer fighting or conquering subject peoples. They might from time to time go on pirate raids but such expeditions were interludes in their daily life of farming and fishing. Some might own larger and better farms than others, but there were no great feudal landowners with their private armies. We hear of the existence of slaves but not of a leisure class which considers work beneath its dignity. Living on a small, not very fertile, island, far from the main centres of political, religious and intellectual activity, their interests were bound to be parochial. Everyone, to some degree, knew everyone else, and world events aroused less interest than the doings of the neighbours.

Granted the wish to write in a socially realistic way, it is clearly easier for a writer to succeed in such a society than in a larger and less homogeneous one, for the social realist is necessarily confined to a kind of life of which he has first-hand intimate knowledge. If he attempts to deal with people and societies which he does not really know, he will either conventionalise or produce a lifeless and ponderous documentation. Throughout the Sagas one is conscious of first-hand experience. In the literature of societies with a slave-servant class, members of the lower orders generally appear either as faithful retainers who only exist in and for their masters, or as comic rogues, or, as in the Courtly Romances, they are ignored. But the slave Melkof in *Njál's Saga** is as real an individual as his mistress Hallgerd.

> When Gunnar had gone Hallgerd came to speak with the slave Melkof. [*We have previously been told that he was "Irish and a man very much disliked."*]
>
> "I have thought of an errand for you," she said. "I want you to ride to Kirkby."
>
> "What am I to do there?" he asked.
>
> "You are to steal enough food to load two horses, and be sure to take butter and cheese and then set fire to the storehouse. They will all believe it happened through carelessness and no one will be thinking of a theft."
>
> The slave said: "I have done bad things, but never was I a thief."
>
> "You don't say!" answered Hallgerd. "You act as though you were an honourable man and yet you have been both a thief and a murderer. And don't you dare refuse or I shall have you killed."
>
> He believed he knew her well enough to know that she would do so: so he took two horses, placed packsaddles on them, and rode to Kirkby.

An even more remarkable example of emancipation from literary convention is the portrait of Bjorn the White. He is introduced as a henpecked husband and a braggart of the Parolles type and the reader naturally expects a comic dénouement in which his cowardice is exposed. But something quite different happens.

> Kári then went and took his stand under a projecting crag and Bjorn asked: "Where shall I stand now?"
>
> Kári answered: "You can choose one of two things: either stand behind me and use your shield to protect yourself, if necessary, or else mount your horse and ride away as fast as you can."
>
> "That I don't want to do," said Bjorn, "and for a number of reasons. In the first place, if I ride away, malicious tongues might say that I left you in the lurch out of cowardice, and, in the second place, I know what a catch they think they have in me, so two or three would pursue me. No! I prefer to stand by you and defend myself with you."

And he does. Nobody without first-hand experience would have dared, when describing events in a culture to which physical courage was the supreme virtue, to present a character who is neither absolutely brave nor absolutely a coward but brave—and cowardly—to a certain degree.

First-hand knowledge of a small homogeneous society is not enough by itself to produce social realism; if it were, it would be one of the most primitive *genres*. It also requires a humanist attitude of mind which has rid itself of superstition, that is to say, of the notion that God intervenes directly in events so that their only significance and importance lies in their providential meaning. It is the development of this mentality, centuries before the rest of Europe, that remains so inexplicable about the Icelanders. Thus, in *Njál's Saga*, which was almost certainly put into its present shape by a cleric, there is an account of the conversion of Iceland to Christianity. One would expect to find, and anywhere else in the same age one would find, an account in black and white. All the Christians would be heroes, all pagans villains. In the struggle between them all the miracles would be on the Christian side and victory for the Faith would be a foregone conclusion. But we are given nothing of this sort. Thangbrand, the missionary sent by King Olaf, may, it is true, carry a crucifix instead of a shield when he defeats his pagan challenger, but his victory does not seem particularly miraculous because we have already been shown that he is a great warrior. Nor does such magical assistance as he gets make him a superman: he is nearly destroyed by the counter-magic of a heathen sorcerer and withdraws before he has completed his job.

> Thangbrand discussed with Gest the advisability of travelling to the firths further west, but Gest advised against it, saying that there lived men who were very hard and difficult to deal with—"But if it is ordained that this faith is to gain strength, then it is likely to be accepted at the Althing. . . . You are the one who has done most to promote it, even though it may be granted to others to introduce it into the laws.

Not long after the Althing meets.

> Both sides went to the Law-Mount, and Christians as well as heathens named witnesses and declared their former community of laws dissolved. . . . The Christians chose as their law-speaker Hall of Sida, but he went to Thorgeir, the *godi* of Ljosovatn, and gave him three marks of silver in order that he proclaim what the law should be. This, however, was a very risky step, because Thorgeir was still a heathen.

* *Njál's Saga*. Translated by CARL BAYERSCHMIDT and LEE HOLLANDER. *Allen & Unwin*. 30*s*.

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FABER

That entire day Thorgeir lay with a cloak spread over his head so that no one might speak to him. The following day all assembled before the Law-Mount.

Then Thorgeir asked to be heard and spoke: "It seems to me that our affairs have come to a dangerous pass if we do not all have one and the same law. If the laws are torn asunder, then security can no longer prevail, and we cannot afford to incur that danger. Now, therefor, I shall ask both heathens and Christians whether they will abide by the laws I shall proclaim." All agreed to that.

"This is the foundation of our laws," he said, "that all men in this land are to be Christians and that they are no longer to worship idols, nor expose children, nor eat horse-meat. If any man is found guilty of these practices, he shall be condemned to outlawry, but if he carries them on in secret, there shall be no punishment involved."

Though the Christian party includes some bad-hats like Mord Valgardsson and killers like Skarphedin Njalsson, it is supported by most of the wisest and most level-headed members of the community like Njál himself, Hall of Sida and Flosi, and the unbiased reader can see good secular reasons why they should.

The pagan culture of Iceland had been a shame culture in which it was a matter of personal honour and duty to avenge injuries and insults to oneself or to one's kin. The attempt to replace the private blood-feud by public law and arbitration had been only partially successful because there was in Iceland no single authority powerful enough to enforce the acceptance of a legal decision by anyone who, out of pride or passion, chose to reject it.

I have met people who dislike the Sagas and, though I do not share their dislike, I can understand why. I know of no other literature in which the characters seem, by our standards, so sane and their actions so lunatic. The code by which they live puts the society at the mercy of its most violent members and the havoc wrought by the malicious and the hot-headed is out of all proportion to their numbers. One row between two housewives—one of the curious things about Icelandic society seems to have been the complete inability of the husbands to keep their wives in order—can result in a whole chain of murders. With what a surprise and relief one reads of someone, like Snorri, ignoring an insult.

Under the circumstances a religion like Christianity which replaced shame by guilt and valued love of one's neighbour above courage would, apart from any theological or spiritual considerations, make an appeal to common sense.

Any work of art is the joint product of a sensibility and a medium of expression, and one reason, at least, why social realism did not appear outside of Iceland until much later was the lack, elsewhere, of an adequate prose instrument. The Saga writers were fortunate in two respects. Poetry in Scandinavia had become a highly specialised esoteric art of immense technical virtuosity, highly allusive and rhetorical, and, consequently, very limited in its subject-matter. A northern writer who wished to tell an intelligible story was bound to tell it in prose because it would have been impossible to tell it in skaldic verse. Secondly, thanks to the geographical remoteness of Scandinavia, classical Latin and the whole rhetorical tradition that went with it had had little influence upon the northern languages. The speeches of the lawyers at the Althing would have seemed childishly naive to Cicero; on the other hand, a piece of concrete narrative like the story of Gunnar's death could not have been written in Ciceronian Latin.

In the rest of Europe verse had remained a much looser medium, the formal demands of which were not severe enough to prevent its narrative use, but sufficient to prevent a thorough-going realism. At the same time, particularly in those countries which had been part of the Roman Empire, the Roman notion of what prose should be like persisted despite the changes that had taken place in the Latin tongue. Gregory of Tours, for example, seems to have been after the same kind of historical story-telling as the Icelandic historians but the Latin at his disposal was always getting in his way.

The prose of the Sagas, especially the dialogue, is not easy to translate. It is not a high style like that of epic; on the other hand, it is not an unbuttoned go-as-you-please style but the language of an aristocratic society with a great respect for forms and its own dignity. In their new translation of *Njál's Saga*, Messrs. Bayerschmidt and Hollander have been able to profit from modern textual scholarship and a reading public which can tolerate an unbowdlerised version. I am inclined to feel, however, that Dasent's translation, despite some archaisms, may be closer in spirit to the original. In their laudable wish not to be quaint, the present translators sometimes fall into colloquialisms which are equally anachronistic because their associations are irrevocably modern and local, phrases, for example, like "You're a brick" or "That's mighty good of you." (Once, very oddly, they allow themselves the impossible archaism "caitiff wretch.") More seriously, they write what may be called standard American English. An American, when he is not being consciously hard-boiled and slangy, writes sentences which are slower in rhythm and more latinate in diction than an Englishman. Thus the translators write "Father has retired" where an Englishman would have written "Father has gone to bed"; where Dasent has "Such words of comfort had he for them all, and others still more strong," they have "With such exhortations and with other words even more indomitable he encouraged them."

Needless to say, I am not trying to suggest that American English is in any way inferior to British English as a language: I do believe, however, that in attempting to reproduce the terseness of Icelandic, a British translator has a certain innate advantage. But this may be prejudice and, in any case, it is as easy to criticise a translation, however good, as it is hard to make one, however bad.

I wish the translators had supplied genealogical maps and trees. I do not agree with their opinion, given in the introduction, that genealogies are boring, but for a modern reader they are easier to follow in a visual form, and, boring or not, it is impossible to follow a tale of blood-feuds without a clear knowledge of the kin relationships. The canvas in *Njál's Saga* is unusually large and I would advise anyone reading it for the first time to construct his own genealogical diagrams as he goes along.

W. H. AUDEN

For William Empson's Fiftieth Birthday

The enormous room is crowded, the wine is red:
The extraordinary luminous eyes in the backcast head
Of this institution, epithet, joke, sage
As famous as Pepsodent or Basic English
Confront their own world over our heads with a tinglish
Coiling shock. He is an electric eel
From whom our soft flat flounder thoughts rebound:
He stirs up in his own air his own sea
Of lithe prehensile ambiguity
Where in the deeper waters the light changes
Over sunk words like hidden mountain ranges
To what, to our eyes, seems opacity
But his fanbeard of a Japanese luckgod reaches
Out of that sea to proliferate on our beaches
In a popping tangle of fruitful misapprehension:
"Oh, to be sure, to be sure! Now that you mention . . ."
The mind is a vortex, thoughts have their own round
In a wilder and wittier than Highland reel,
Sputter and flutter with a Bengal match's rage.

He taught us thinking is a kind of feel
And how to read, and wonderfully misread, a page!
But who has plumbed the poet's narrow sound?

G. S. FRASER

Two Poems

LIGHTING FIRES IN SNOW

Tread out a marble hollow
Then lay the twigs athwart,
Teepee-wise or wigwam,
So that the air can follow
The match-flame from the start:
As we begin a poem
And some may win a heart.

For twig to twig will beckon
If lightly laid above
Better than you can reckon.
Waste no time devising.
O, no, it is not love,
But the drying fume arising
If the draft be free enough.

As the under cavern reddens
Leave well alone!
Cold fuel only deadens.
But pile across the smoke
And give the dog a bone.
For its life's sake, don't poke!
The wise fire knows its own.

The wise poem knows its father
And treats him not amiss;
But Language is its mother
To burn where it would rather
Choose that and by-pass this'
Only afraid of smother
Though the thickening snow flakes hiss.

NEW STATESMAN'S SONG

Lenin declared that Any Cook
—How sure the hope that chose the word—
Ought to be able to govern the State.
Did Lenin cook? I haven't heard.

Besides, what's cooking? Ham and eggs?
The soufflé? Pâté Aphrodyne? . . .
The accounts? Production curve reports?
History? The Party Line?

Seek nobler thoughts. Find Lenin's aim:
To glorify the gifts of men;
Shut up the holocidal shop;
And call us to the Banquet then.

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Superjingoes

Lugard: The Years of Adventure. By MARGERY PERHAM. *Collins.* 42*s.*

Rhodes of Africa. By FELIX GROSS. *Cassell.* 25*s.*

Ever since, as a schoolboy, I learnt the geography of the British Empire on Mercator's projection, I have been an imperial sceptic. Can one really add together all those red patches, scattered so haphazardly across the world, and call them a Great Power? Would we not be stronger and safer if we British had only one big patch on the map, like the Americans? Of course, such questions were too silly for my teachers to answer. They told me about the British Navy and the Pax Britannica, and that was that. Later I came to realise that my schoolboy scepticism had been anticipated in the nineteenth century not only by Mr. Gladstone but by many eminent Tory statesmen—in particular the great Lord Salisbury. The idea that red patches on the map automatically added to our strength was not a traditional Tory concept but a romantic product of Disraeli's imagination, which tickled the vanity of an ageing Queen. As for the belief that a Colonial Empire would benefit our trade, it was a Brummagem heresy. In the critical twenty years after 1880, when the second British Empire was hastily thrown together, most responsible political leaders were opposed to colonial expansion. They expected no economic advantage from it and they rightly foresaw that it would involve us in military commitments which a country without a military tradition was unfitted to sustain. In fact, our African Empire was acquired by a handful of eccentric visionaries, acting against the wishes and often in defiance of the instructions given by successive Conservative and Liberal governments. Only when Joseph Chamberlain took over the Colonial Office did these freelance Imperialists begin to get consistent support from Whitehall.

These reflections have been stimulated by biographies of the two most eccentric of these Imperialists. At last Miss Perham has given us the first volume of her *Lugard*, which takes the story as far as 1898. And what a story she has to tell! It combines action in Africa with intrigues in Westminster and Whitehall in a form which illustrates to perfection the historical forces which shaped our African Empire. In this volume, for instance, Lugard starts by leading a private army against the Arab slavers in Nyasaland and next proceeds to take over Uganda on behalf of a Chartered Company. Then, after he has received an order to evacuate Kampala, he leads the Anglican Christians to victory in a war against the Catholics and makes his own peace before returning to England. Thanks to French propaganda against him, he finds himself a public hero. So, with the backing of the missionary societies, he runs a campaign and organises a Parliamentary lobby in favour of making Uganda a British Protectorate. Despite the opposition first of the Salisbury Cabinet and then of the Gladstone Cabinet—in which Lord Rosebery is his sole supporter—he succeeds. But the appointment in Uganda, on which he has set his heart, is denied him for diplomatic reasons. He is forced, therefore, to work for another Chartered Company, and undertakes a terrible and futile trek for gold in the Kalahari desert, whence he is recalled by Joseph Chamberlain, who is now Colonial Secretary. Chamberlain appoints him to organise our first West African colonial forces, and Lugard defeats the French in a crazy game of military bluff and counter-bluff, which makes Northern Nigeria safe for Britain. If Rider Haggard and Trollope had got together, they could not have invented a more fantastic combination of action in the jungle and intrigue at Westminster.

Unfortunately, Miss Perham's narrative powers do not equal her scholarship, and her style is as undistinguished as an Oxford training can make it. Instead of letting the story tell itself, she swoops round and round it in enormous explanatory digressions. Nevertheless I read every one of her 570 pedestrian pages.

Mr. Gross is the antithesis of Miss Perham. A German journalist, who settled in South Africa 25 years ago, he knows a good story when he sees one and can angle it, too, to suit his audience. In his biography of Cecil Rhodes, the British are Machiavellian jingoes and the Afrikaners simple-hearted angels. Rhodes himself, of course, is a Superjingo, saved from complete damnation by his recognition that the British and Afrikaner must work together to create a white Dominion. Mr. Gross retells the story with a bitter sensationalism and a malevolent sense of character which makes it intensely readable.

I tested Mr. Gross's reliability by comparing his version and Miss Perham's of the one incident they both describe—the story of Rhodes's bid to buy Uganda. The East Africa Company had asked Sir William Harcourt, Chancellor in Gladstone's Cabinet, for an annual subsidy of £40,000. Rhodes offered to run Uganda for £25,000 and to build a telegraph line from Salisbury to Uganda without charging the government. Harcourt, we are told, could not help being delighted with Rhodes and remarked, "Jingoism is tolerable when it is done on the cheap." Both authors agree that, despite this remark, Harcourt dropped the idea. But Mr. Gross goes on: "However, when Rosebery threatened to resign if Uganda were 'scuttled,' Rhodes was given the sanction of the Cabinet to add it to his private empire which now stretched from the Limpopo across the Equator to the borders of the Sudan." What actually happened is described at length by Miss Perham. Uganda, of course, was not given to Rhodes but became a British Protectorate under the Colonial Office. In the one case where I have checked him, Mr. Gross has grotesquely distorted history.

I finished these two books with the feeling that I had begun to understand what kind of men it was who painted the map of Africa red. Rhodes and Lugard disliked each other, but they had more affinities than the admirers of either care to admit. Both were frustrated romantics, who came to Africa by sheer accident and at once recognised their appointment with destiny. Both assumed as an article of faith that Britain ought to rule as much of Africa as possible, and subordinated an inordinate ambition for personal power to this single objective. Both accepted white settlement on native lands not only as inevitable but as very desirable. Neither felt any compunction either in conducting private wars against the Africans or in persuading illiterate Chiefs to sign away their rights by treaties with the Chartered Companies. Each had nothing but contempt for most of the politicians and civil servants in London with whom they had to deal, and each found that Joseph Chamberlain was the only man who could get the better of him, because his ruthless egotism was not tempered by the romantic vision they both shared.

What were the differences between them? Not, as many people assume, that Rhodes loved money, whereas Lugard despised it. Rhodes cared nothing for money except as power, and used it cynically but altruistically to bribe the gentlemen of Britain into becoming rulers of the Empire he created. If Lugard had landed in Kimberley instead of Nyasaland, his attitude to wealth might have been similar. No, the difference is in their attitude to the Africans. Though the missionaries often annoyed Lugard, he shared their detestation of slavery. Indeed, his primary objective in working for the Chartered Companies was to stamp out the slave trade, and he always found it difficult to remember that these Companies were supposed to pay dividends and develop trade.

No wonder Rhodes instinctively distrusted him! He preferred weak men as his tools, and he detested prigs. He could be quite amiable to the niggers, but his dream was the new Roman Empire whose citizenship should be reserved for men of Aryan race. That, of course, is why Rhodes

Scholarships were only given to students from our white Dominions, from the United States and from Germany. As Mr. Gross instinctively feels—despite his British jingoism—Rhodes was the *Ursüdafrikaner*, the Great White Father of *Apartheid*.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Backstage of Armageddon

Men and Power, 1917-1918. By LORD BEAVERBROOK. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

It is high time that Lord Beaverbrook founded an Aitken chair of Twentieth-Century English History in some senior place of learning. The university that produced Asquith, Milner, Haig and Curzon is not perhaps the happiest setting for such a benefaction while the fact that Earls Baldwin and Balfour are among the *alumni* of Trinity would be a sufficient objection to Cambridge. After reading this book, I plump for the University of Manchester (Lloyd George's birthplace) as the most suitable spot. However much his literary disciples may have magnified Lord Beaverbrook's political influence between the years 1911-22—Mr. Frank Owen in his torrential life of Lloyd George and Mr. Robert Blake in his solid study of Bonar Law—there can be no doubt that in this latest addition to the canon, the hero of the hour is L.G. These 400 pages paint a first-rate picture of a great wartime Prime Minister struggling daily to safeguard his leadership and administration from the onslaughts and intrigues of as hard-faced a set of men as any of the profiteers that Mr. Baldwin glimpsed on the benches of the post-war House of Commons.

Describing his accession to the premiership in 1940, Sir Winston writes in his war memoirs: "Thus then, on the night of the tenth of May... I acquired the chief power in the State, which henceforth I wielded in ever-growing measure for five years and three months of total war...." We have only to compare Sir Winston's wartime colleagues with those that Lloyd George either inherited from Asquith or enlisted himself, to see why, politically, Sir Winston had it so easy. Match Balfour, Milner, Bonar Law, Curzon, Cecil, Austen Chamberlain and F. E. Smith with Halifax, Chamberlain, Attlee, Bevin, Eden, Cripps and Lord Waverley: the latter are sucking doves by comparison. It is the same with the generals. In the first World War, as their memoirs and papers abundantly show, our military leaders were politicos almost to a man. Men like Plumer, Rawlinson and Sir John French were the exceptions to a bad rule. One has only to contrast Lord Alanbrooke with Sir William ("Wully") Robertson to see the difference. Sir Henry Wilson, the sinister C.I.G.S. who dismissed all politicians contemptuously as "Frocks," was himself the biggest "Frock" in the British Army. Haig (as his own papers have amply shown) was a military intriguer of a high order. Knowing that Lloyd George was planning to unseat him from the throne of war, he entered zestfully into the plot to scuttle Jellicoe in the hope of "diverting the lightning from striking at himself." Commenting on "the strange character and conduct of the Commander-in-Chief," Lord Beaverbrook adds that—

> . . . Haig, in fact, had managed to hold his job in defiance of Lloyd George's hostility, only through the intervention of four Tory Ministers and, more important at the time, the interest and support of the King himself.

The strain of carrying such an interminable load of intrigue and frustration inevitably reacted on Lloyd George's own character. Once victory was won and the Prime Minister had become, temporarily at least, the nation's darling, he showed himself capricious, impatient, and overbearing, browbeating Curzon, rebuking Milner, upbraiding Churchill. In a remarkable (and previously unquoted) letter to Birkenhead rejecting a committee report on the Land Acquisition Bill, he told his new Lord Chancellor: [illegible]

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THE BODLEY HEAD

. . . The Bill was supposed to facilitate acquisition of land for most urgent public purposes, speedily and at a fair price. It has been transformed into a Bill which will be represented as making sure that the landlord gets a good price, that the lawyers get their pickings, and that there should be no undue hurry in the completion of the transaction.

Why was Howard Frank invited to give evidence? He is an out and out landowners' man. Surely there ought to have been a witness on the other side brought in to balance his testimony. The country is in no mood to tolerate reactionaries, high or low.

In this mood of hubristic candour and relaxation, Lloyd George made Lord Curzon his special target. After reading the chapter that Lord Beaverbrook devotes to Curzon—far more scathing though less amusing than the portrait in his earlier *Politicians and the War*—one finds it hard to sympathise with "His Royal Pomp." In Lord Beaverbrook's pages Curzon appears as one of the champion ratters of English politics. His transparent disloyalty to his party, his friends, his colleagues, and his own recorded aims and ideals, all in the cause of maintaining himself in office, was phenomenal. To the Unionist Peers in 1911, to the Carlton Club over the suffrage question, to Asquith in 1916, to L.G. himself in 1922, Curzon was the perennial turncoat. Collating Lord Beaverbrook's verdict with the many other accounts that have appeared in recent years, it is hard to resist the feeling that Sir Harold Nicolson's ripe partiality and honeyed style have succeeded in imposing a generous but misleading picture of this gifted, pompous and mean-hearted man on the minds of a generation of readers. Churchill's sketch of Curzon in his *Great Contemporaries* strikes what is perhaps the best balance between Sir Harold and most other observers.

Though more episodic than his earlier memoirs, *Men and Power* is a remarkable achievement. Lord Beaverbrook prefaces his text with a series of potted epigrammatic biographies of the principal actors, reminding one of Lord Chesterfield's "Characters." This is a superb entertainment in itself. He writes of Asquith, that "he repeated at intervals certain cycles of stories. If his attention was directed to a portrait of Charles James Fox, he made the same remarks." Balfour is among the most enigmatic of modern statesmen: as Chesterfield said of George II, "Tacitus would always have been deceived by him," and it adds something to our knowledge of A.J.B. that Clemenceau used to speak of him as "*cette vieille fille*." Milner "was a Tory Radical, calling himself a Liberal Unionist"; in Sir Eric Geddes's home "the telephone was on a pay box system." As for Robertson—

> . . . When the King dined with Lord Derby . . . the drink was limited to cider because of the King's pledge that had been given when Lloyd George on the outset of war asked for total abstention. Derby passed the word that after the King left the party drinks would be served upstairs. The King stayed late. General Robertson asked impatiently, "When do we get our pop?"

This book is a brillant ramble through the *coulisses* of Armageddon, a fitting pendant to Sir Winston's *The World Crisis*. Through a haze of cigar-smoke, in Whitehall offices or the heavy panelled smoking-rooms of Churt, Sutton Courtenay, Carlton House Terrace or the Hyde Park Hotel, we watch the political hatchetmen carting and betraying one another, jockeying, shifting for position, weeping their crocodile tears. Though a great deal of elbow-grease is used up on all sides, it is not on the whole an edifying picture.

Needless to say, Lord Beaverbrook has drawn richly on his large store of acquired private papers. A note that "it is my intention to bring out a political history already in form which will be entitled *The Age of Baldwin*," and that he plans to give us a further book on the second world war, is good news for the common reader, but it will cause some sinking in political stomachs.

JOHN RAYMOND

Venerable Fabrics

Old London Churches. By ELIZABETH and WAYLAND YOUNG. *Faber.* 63*s*.

Sir Christopher Wren. By GLORNEY BOLTON. *Hutchinson.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

Rebuilding St. Paul's after the Great Fire of London. By JANE LANG. *Oxford.* 42*s*.

Mr. and Mrs. Young have written a highly sophisticated gossiping guide to the older London churches. It is based on a vigorous study of the immense literature of the subject, on any amount of personal visiting and correspondence with incumbents; and is composed with a deliberate, fastidious casualness which disinfects it from any suspicion of academic or pietistic motives. It is thus very much a book of the times, reflecting the intelligent agnostic's devotion to church fabrics for what some would call wrong or irrelevant reasons (if the Youngs are strong church-people I apologise; their book does not suggest it). Clever and entertaining all through, it has some excellent imaginative memoranda and a really beautiful set of photographs by that outstanding architectural photographer, A. F. Kersting. A likely Christmas present, I should guess, for a good many people but especially for Londoners who do not dislike being Londoners.

All the churches described are of pre-Victorian origin and the descriptions are grouped under boroughs. All churches of the Establishment and the Roman communion are included, even when they have been replaced by structures later than 1830 and sometimes even when they have vanished altogether, and there is a selection of Nonconformist chapels. The natural way to use the book is to pick about among the entries and discover first if the descriptions of one's favourite churches are sympathetic or wounding. Personally, I am slightly vexed with the Youngs for not making more fuss of St. Martin-in-the-Fields—nagging at the egregious placing of the steeple without even acknowledging its brilliant modelling; but I am with them all the way on Hawksmoor who has obviously made a deeper appeal than Gibbs. "A west front rusticated into monolithic pugnacity from which the doorway and the window above it have been ground out," is a good recollection of St. Mary Woolnoth. And at St. George-in-the-East I am grateful for "the ruthless key-stones, each as big as a child's coffin." These are descriptions in which something has been keenly felt. There are other descriptions where, understandably, nothing has been felt; and there are descriptions in which boredom is successfully evicted by some odd turn of phrase or stupendously irrelevant fact. Thus, at All Hallows, London Wall, "thirteen typewriters fell through its roof from an adjacent office during the air-raids."

No book of this kind can be proof against occasional inaccuracy, especially where vanished buildings are concerned. I happen to remember St. Mary's, Charing Cross Road, and I can assure Mr. and Mrs. Young that nothing (except, I believe, an inscribed stone) remained of the seventeenth-century Greek church and that far from being "blustering Victorian Gothic" it was a building of starved and rather melancholy beauty, the only piece of gentleness in that detestable thoroughfare.

Neither St. Paul's Cathedral nor Westminster Abbey find a place in the Youngs' survey; for obvious reasons—either could swamp a book twice the size. It is, I think, a long time since anybody wrote a general work on the Abbey and a really well-written, archaeologically exact, sensitive and well-illustrated monograph would not be amiss. As for St. Paul's—lives of its architect come pattering down as one writes. The latest is Mr. Glorney Bolton's spirited, discursive and easily read ten-and-sixpence-worth, beginning with Renaissance Florence and ending with Bishop Wand. It is the kind of book in which "Wren wept bitterly" at the rejection of the Great Model (his grandson only said that he would have executed it "with more cheerfulness" than any other)

but notwithstanding a somewhat painterly touch here and there it can be recommended as an enlightened introduction to Sir Christopher, especially for those to whom he is as yet only a stony name.

Miss Jane Lang's study of the building-history of St. Paul's is on a more serious level and although, like Mr. Bolton, she is in pursuit of narrative and colour, she does not pursue so hard. For her Wren was "in deep distress" about the Great Model—but no tears. The main difference between her book and other recent studies is that she is more interested in the sequence of physical events which attended the building of the cathedral than in the detection of sources or the speculative exploration of Wren's mind. She is interested, in short, in narrative. As she confesses herself, this leads to occasional gratuitous assumption for the sake of continuity and these, while unquestionably rendering the book more readable, have their dangers. I cannot forbear quoting one instance (so minute that Miss Lang can hardly be blamed for not realising its explosiveness) which shows how easily a narrative historian may stub his toe. She tells us that on a summer's day in 1672 a wooden model of the cathedral was conveyed from Whitehall to St. Paul's by "four stout porters." Now, there is documentary evidence for the season, the model, the transport and the porters—but not for the fact that they were "stout." If the model was the one it is usually supposed to have been, it could have been trundled along by a boy with a barrow; if four porters were really necessary the only plausible assumptions are either that they were broken-down old codgers or else (as Mr. Viktor Fuerst, in the light of this and other anomalies, recently proposed) that the model was something enormous, of which, rather embarrassingly, we have no visual evidence!

Narrative, frankly conceived as such, is sometimes worth the popping of a small petard like this, and Miss Lang's account of the rebuilding is workmanlike and, by and large, true to the documents—which are formidable in number and kind. It is also agreeably written, with a good sense of the passage of time, of the ageing and supersession of the many characters involved and of the calm integrity of the little man at the centre of it all. It covers a long and busy stretch of English history; it is curious to reflect, for instance, that had the Great Fire of London occurred in 1914 we should only now, in this very month, be noting the completion of the new cathedral's ball and cross.

JOHN SUMMERSON

Travellers' Tales

The Road to Timbuctoo. By JOHN SKOLLE. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Saints of Sind. By PETER MAYNE. *Murray.* 18*s.*

Round the Island. By H. W. FREEMAN. *Chapman & Hall.* 21*s.*

Handles of Chance. By NICHOLAS WOLLASTON. *Cape.* 24*s.*

Turbulent Tangier. By A. LILIUS. *Elek.* 21*s.*

Punctual as wood fires, as autumn tints (a study by our staff photographer), come the travel-books to indulge the chimney-corner addicts through the winter ahead of us. They vary a good deal in matter and manner—that is understood. Here is a young man with a gift for words but without the confidence and experience to tackle a novel: let him make his trial flight in travel-writing—a field in which a good eye for colour and an inquiring mind will teach him much that he needs to know. Here is someone exploring a much-loved corner of Europe or Asia, trying to strike off his impressions of it while they are still hot. Here is an essayist for whom a foreign scene is a convenient spring-board for what he wants to write. Here is a traveller intruding on the world of books with a piece of

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Just out

Saints of Sind
PETER MAYNE

This original book is a diversion with three main elements. It is a personal quest, a personal adventure and a record of travel. Sind, in the country of the Lower Indus Valley, West Pakistan is a land of hereditary 'saints' and pirs, and Mr Mayne's new book is a record of his pilgrimage to their shrines and of their hospitable presiding saints. He is sometimes serious, sometimes very funny and at all times compassionate, and this book provides some of his best material so far.

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JOHN MURRAY

self-exploration: to him all landscapes are mirrors, and travel a form of introspection.

One always suspects that the real travellers, like the real mystics, don't talk—that is, until one happens upon a book like John Skolle's *The Road to Timbuctoo*, a quite exceptional account of the long, vile, hazardous trek of the salt-caravans which take the Sahara route from Taoudeni to Timbuctoo. The author, an American painter, has made the journey something more than just a record of his trials and tribulations—though these are terrifying enough. He is passionately interested in the desert itself and its way of life; he has imprisoned a wealth of unobtrusive learning about past travellers among his observations upon the present-day nomads, their habits and beliefs. He is not a very practised writer, but his penetrating and compassionate eye records accurately and thoughtfully and his book is full of the poetry of exact observation. Though the one fearful journey is the book's theme, nevertheless it succeeds in being much more than an ephemeral record of a trip through "those austere regions, where no one comes to stay except to die: those regions of passage, entered with apprehension and left behind without regret—the desert." It is a book much to be admired, and readers should not be put off by a title which suggests a confection by Halliburton or Seabrook.

From the desert to the sown is only a step but it takes us from Sahara to Sind—the subject of Mr. Peter Mayne's new travel-book, which is full of the discursive qualities which made his *Alleys of Marrakesh* so readable. Mr. Mayne performs a somewhat stately saraband across Pakistan, feeding sacred crocodiles out of paper bags and turning a sardonic eye upon the inhabitants. *Saints of Sind* taught me little enough about the land where, according to the blurb, "the esoteric mysteries are taken for granted and where 'saints' abound," but after a chapter or two I couldn't have cared less, for the book is full of comic turns, and the writing throughout is smart, witty and full of happy strokes—though touched here and there by the archness of an *enfant terrible*. Sind itself as landscape didn't come through to me very clearly —*Peccavi*, Mr. Mayne!—but the book as a whole had a diverting freshness; and there is one wildly funny scene where the author is forcibly massaged by a Pakistani wrestler which I shall certainly re-read.

Round The Island is by the practised hand of a novelist and takes us to Sardinia, that uncomfortable, rugged, boulder-strewn island in the Mediterranean. Mr. Freeman has disguised his affection in order to let the island itself talk, and his austere and straightforward narrative-style admirably matches the subject-matter. His book is the record of two summers spent bicycling-round the island and the book, with its simple clear lines and precise narrative, gives one an odd feeling of comprehensiveness. It is full of interesting data set out with a cool discretion; and as a writer who is always conscious of over-writing I couldn't help admiring the completely unaffected deliberation of the style. If I should ever visit Sardinia I should certainly take this book along, together with D. H. Lawrence's account. Written from completely opposite points of view they are, in a way, complementaries. But where Lawrence concentrates wholly on atmosphere Mr. Freeman observes, weighs and annotates his journey, giving one relevant detail about food, manners, distances, and so on, building out of direct observation a far more complete portrait of the island and its inhabitants. "Our motive in going to Sardinia was curiosity," he writes. "We wanted to see what it was like." And he adds:

> My chief motive in writing this book is to tell you what it was like, just as any traveller who has enjoyed his travel is eager to do. . . . What I have written is above all about the road, the things we saw and the people we met on the road, the places it brought us to; and I hope it will be read for what it is.

Youth, determination, confidence and a prose gift are the chief qualities which emerge from Nicholas Wollaston's *Handles of Chance*. If the book has a certain diffuseness it is perhaps because of the large expanse it covers—for his journeys began with a trip to the Solomon Islands in 1954, the starting-point of the narrative. From here he returned to England by way of Australia, India, Pakistan, Kurdistan Turkey and the Black Sea. Odd encounters *en route* provide the raw material for his observant, lively mind and the writing throughout is scrupulous and exact. The Indian sections are the best; but his landscapes tend to be sketches rather than portraits. Perhaps he should have devoted more than one volume to so extensive a journey. But with all its defects his book is a most enjoyable first flight and is full of promise for the future.

Turbulent Tangier does not deserve to keep such good company on the reviewer's desk. It is a weary piece of hack-work full of what agencies call "colour" and "story" (pronounced in the American way). Tangier emerges as more tiresome and tart-ridden than turbulent, and Mr. Lilius's account of life in the International Port is artificially inflated from materials which might have been used for a couple of saucy features in a tabloid. A number of very good pictures have mysteriously found their way into the book; they are offset by some "art-photos" of Arab girls at their toilet and a portrait of the author's secretary, seated at her typewriter with eyes modestly cast down, clad in a bathing-costume. I hunted in vain for a portrait of Mr. Lilius himself. I longed to see the face of the man who could think up a chapter-heading like "The Bi-sexual world of Hetæræ."

LAWRENCE DURRELL

Natural Friends and Spiritual Enemies

The Letters of William Blake. Edited by GEOFFREY KEYNES. *Hart-Davis.* 50*s.*

William Blake's Vala. By H. M. MARGOLIOUTH. *Oxford.* 42*s.*

On a memorable evening when Isaiah and Ezekiel dined with William Blake, the poet wrote "I ask'd Isaiah to favour the world with his lost works; he said none of equal value was lost. Ezekiel said the same of his." It would doubtless be a consolation to so dedicated an editor of Blake as Sir Geoffrey Keynes, as to humbler Blake lovers, if the poet could now give the same reassurance in his turn. Sir Geoffrey has delayed the publication of a collection of Blake's letters for many years, in the hope that more might come to light. We share his disappointment that most of a lot of thirty letters, known to be in existence as recently as 1878, when they were sold at Sotheby's, are still missing.

There are a few hitherto unpublished fragments in the present volume, but these are of bibliographical interest only. There is an unpublished draft of a description of the painting of the Last Judgment, sent to Ozias Humphrey, differing but slightly from the already published text; and a great many receipts of small but regularly forthcoming sums of money from Blake's most loyal and lifelong patron Thomas Butts, each sum—or almost all, for some paid for drawing-lessons that Blake gave to Butts's son—representing some painting, now a national treasure, that, save for Butts's loyalty to a genius that he hardly understood, would probably never have been painted at all. Later in life, similar receipts go to Linnell, and these represent the Job and Dante series that, but for this later disciple, would not have been produced by an old, and at last bedridden, man, forgotten by the world for years.

Even Butts believed in Blake against his better judgment, as it seems from one of his letters. Butts took the occasion of Blake's new start at Felpham under Hayley's protection to write:

> certain opinions imbibed from reading, nourish'd by indulgence, and riveted by a confined Conversation, and which have been equally prejudicial to your Interest and Happiness, will now, I trust, disperse as a Day-break vapour.

The Devil has many weapons, and chooses for each man that most likely to wound him. Blake he attacked through his friends' good intentions, which were all directed towards taking Blake from his unsaleable visions, and setting him to work on what the world demanded. His bitter discovery that "natural friends are spiritual enemies" came not only through Hayley, who nearly killed him with misdirected kindness:

> I find on all hands great objections to my doing anything but the meer drudgery of business, & intimations that if I do not confine myself to this, I shall not live; this has always pursu'd me. . . . This from Johnson & Fuseli brought me down here, & this from Mr. H. will bring me back again.

The more heroic is the continuation of this letter to Butts:

> for that I cannot live without doing my duty to lay up treasures in heaven is Certain and Determined, & to this I have long made up my mind. . . . But if we fear to do the dictates of our Angels, & tremble at the Tasks set before us; if we refuse to do Spiritual Acts because of Natural Fears or Natural Desires! Who can describe the dismal torment of such a state!

Blake does not blame the world; he made his choice, in full knowledge of what was involved on both sides.

Sir Geoffrey is a perfectionist, and he has produced, we do not doubt, as perfect and well documented a text as is humanly possible. But it is only fair to say that the general reader will find all that he can possibly want in the Nonesuch edition of Blake's poetry and prose, edited by Sir Geoffrey Keynes in 1939, with all Blake's other writings besides, for less than half the price of the present volume. To make weight, the editor has included the documents in the case for sedition brought against Blake by the soldier whom the poet turned out of his garden; a handful of letters written to Blake; and thirteen plates, some of them hitherto unpublished.

Mr. Margoliouth's text of *Vala* will interest few besides scholars, but to these it is a work of the first importance. It completely alters the face of the poem known as *The Four Zoas*, from which Mr. Margoliouth has, with painstaking insight, separated out the earlier work, *Vala*, upon which the later long poem is based. This is not the place to describe at length how this has been done, or the various layers of composition that are now presented in such a way that the first version, and successive later additions, are restored, if not perfectly, at least so well that we have before us what is virtually a new poem. So great is the difference made between *Vala* and *The Four Zoas* by the addition of some 900 lines of new material that the plan of the earlier work is almost lost. *Vala* is scarcely a simple narrative even now; but it is much simplified. We find in it the "Songs" of Enitharmon, Urizen, and Enion, without the encumbrance of the machinery of a myth that has baffled all commentators who have tried to find consistency in it. The later version contains a greater bulk of Christian mythology, evidently reflecting a tendency in Blake away from his early alchemical, neoplatonic and hermetic preoccupations, in the direction of a more positive Christianity. It is of the greatest importance for any future study of the development of Blake's thought that this text should have been published. It is not once in ten years that a work of such value appears.

KATHLEEN RAINE

New translations have been made of Zola's *Beast in Man* (by Alec Brown; Elek, 18s.), Dostoevsky's *Memoirs from the House of the Dead* (by Jessie Coulson; Oxford, 12s. 6d.) and *The Idiot* (by David Magarshack; Penguin Books, 5s.). In new Everyman volumes (Dent) are a collection of Maupassant *Short Stories*, Dostoevsky's *Poor Folk* and *The Gambler* (C. J. Hogarth's translation) and, also in one volume, Stevenson's *Master of Ballantrae* and *Weir of Hermiston* (these three, 6s. each); and George Eliot's *Romola* and *Mill on the Floss* (7s. each). *The Oxford Companion to American Literature* appears in a third, revised edition (Oxford, 60s.).

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New Novels

The Sanity Inspectors. By FRIEDRICH DEICH. *Putnam.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Fertile Plain. By ESTHER SALAMAN. *Hogarth Press.* 15*s.*

The Ninth Wave. By EUGENE BURDICK. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Queen of the East. By ALEXANDER BARON. *Collins.* 15*s.*

Fall of Innocence. By GILLIAN FREEMAN. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Meeting in Venice. By MARY LUTYENS. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Novel reviewers get too much partridge; it brings them out in blasé spots. For instance: if I were a German critic I might for all I know be tossing *The Sanity Inspectors* under the desk as obvious and derivative while I exalted the mysterious, dewy, inverted world revealed in *Fall of Innocence* and *Meeting in Venice*. They are both decent stock English lady's novels about domestic worries and mild, hesitant matrimonial divagations. In a poorish week I have put them in, partly in case anyone has flu, partly because Miss Freeman, though almost inconceivably dewy in her naive smugness, can really write, and being young may yet, given a subject, do something remarkable. *The Sanity Inspectors* on the other hand makes quite a change. It does not actually break new ground, since its territory is largely that of Thomas Mann—psychology and religion, the meaning of spiritual sickness, the relativity of madness. There is also a rather Mann-like creaking historical framework to the story. But Herr Deich is a different and very interesting sort of person. He is himself a psychiatrist, so is his hero, and his book is that of a good doctor, shrewdly and sardonically recording his cases, admitting his inadequacy, trying to understand his subject. Parallel to his story runs that of a pastor who criticises him and shows him his limitations. Both are involved in the war, and end up in trouble for trying to save soldiers from punishment by cooking psychiatric evidence. I find this *dénouement* much too melodramatic, and all through the pastor, who is meant to be something of a holy fool, seems neither as convincing nor as interesting as he is supposed to be. He has not, to me at any rate, quite the weight to balance the doctor. But still he certainly gives the story depth, and saves it from the special type of smugness endemic to books narrated by self-satisfied doctors. It is an adult novel, rough but astute, lively and committed, and it is excellently translated. The contrast to Mann with his Olympian sweep, his endless conversations, is itself entertaining.

The Fertile Plain is another book which might seem at a first glance to gain unfairly by its exotic setting. It is the memoir of a young Jewish girl growing up in a Ukrainian town in the first years of the century. It has thus a dual foreignness, and also that extra fascination which accounts of Jewish home life always have for a people which has abjured nearly all domestic ritual and ceremony. All the same, I am as sure that the book's quality is independent of its subject as I am that it excels the other novels on the list. Its method seems casual and artless; the girl simply relates the things that were important to her. But of themselves, without drilling, they build up into a pattern. She notices the Gentiles around her; she is friendly and does not want to shut them out; later, it is clear, she will go her own way and mix with them. Yet she is afraid; the older generation have kept themselves to themselves and have not all even spoken Russian. Sometimes there are pogroms. At other times things go well and she can go to a Gentile school. Her mother makes friends with a Russian woman, then there is consternation for the woman poisons her husband. She tries to explain Dostoevsky to her mother, who replies in terms of Ishmael and Hagar. The revolution threatens. The contrast between the two utterly different ways of life, one static, the other violently mobile, is lit up by the bright, narrow beam of the child's sensibility, displayed fairly, as Chekhov might have displayed it, without tendentiousness, without making a case for either. This is an admirable novel, quiet and unpretentious and entirely genuine.

Alexander Baron's historical novels (I haven't read his other books) are certainly a relief from those of the school which aims to show that the past was really very cosy and ordinary and the great dead were as dull as ourselves. He goes for strong subjects—last time, the life of the Indian princess who was Cortez's mistress during the conquest of Mexico; this time, the struggle between Zenobia and Aurelian, which, as he quite rightly says, "abounds in incidents so highly-coloured that no writer would dare to invent them." It is certainly a tearing good story. (Whether it is all quite true I couldn't possibly say; Mr. Baron makes no great parade of having studied primary sources, but gives a reasonably convincing and workmanlike impression.) There is a great deal of blood shed, and this to more purpose than may at first appear, since it is part of Mr. Baron's purpose to make us understand the minds of people who did not view carnage as we do. I was impressed by the portrait of Aurelian in this book as I was also by that of Cortez in the other; neither is a sympathetic character to the modern mind, yet he forces us to respect them. I still think *The Golden Princess* the finer novel, partly because the heroine was so moving, being a much nicer character than anybody in this book, partly perhaps because the ghost of Robert Graves stands at Mr. Baron's elbow when he talks about the Romans. His rather stiff version of a soldiers' marching song recalls the splendid swing of the songs in *I, Claudius*—

—"Lord Augustus each time bawling,
As he fetched his head a crack,
'Varus, Varus, General Varus,
Give me my three legions back!'"

Robert Graves took the whole thing much more easily than Mr. Baron, but then of course Robert Graves cheated by making his hero a twentieth-century neurotic and taking no trouble to be fair to anybody else. The historical novelist's job is an awkward one. What Mr. Baron lacks in penetration of any one topic he makes up by his balanced grasp of the whole panorama. Altogether it is a vigorous and imaginative book on an extraordinary subject.

The Ninth Wave is an American epic, interesting first from a sociological point of view if you want to know about conditions for tough characters on the make through college and onwards in California, and second because it is the only American three-decker I have read that was dull all through. Usually, even when there is no particular point in half they tell you, American novelists make you like it because they are interested themselves. In this case, however, everything has been put in from a sense of duty to a peculiarly silly central idea which it is all designed to illustrate. Nobody, clearly, has enjoyed it at any stage. It seems a rather severe punishment even for Book of the Month club readers, and I sincerely hope it won't set a fashion. There is not so much pleasure in the world as all that.

MARY SCRUTTON

Three Classics

THAT the terms Classic and Vintage should be applied to Motor Cars is an indication of the distance motor car design has travelled; and this has been largely owing to competitive motor racing. So the third of our Classic Car books—following **The Vintage Motor Car** and **Veteran and Edwardian Motor Cars**—is **The Racing Car: Development and Design** by Cecil Clutton, Cyril Posthumus and Denis Jenkinson. It begins with the 1895 Panhard and ends with the 1956 Lancia-Ferrari. There are 105 illustrations, including drawings of the outstanding models. The price is the same as its predecessors—25s.

CLASSIC in another sense is Constance Howard's **Design for Embroidery from Traditional English Sources** (45s). It is at once a history of English embroidery since mediaeval times and a practical work with 284 photographs and drawings showing its modern application—in short a source-book full of ideas.

RE-ISSUED in a revised form, and re-illustrated is John Harvey's **English Cathedrals** (25s), widely accepted as the best general book on the subject. The 82 illustrations include scale plans.

Batsford Books

Rogue Elephant

Englishmen and Others. By A. J. P. TAYLOR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18*s.*

These twenty biographical and historical essays, extending from reprinted book reviews (many of them familiar to NEW STATESMAN readers) to a lecture on John Bright and a learned dissertation on the Algeciras Conference of 1906, exhibit Mr. Alan Taylor's wide range as critic and historian, together with his wit, his power of reaching simple conclusions from complicated facts, his downright common sense and his delight in exposing stupidity and error. "I am not a philosophic historian. I have no system, no moral interpretation. I write to clear my mind, to discover how things happened and how men behaved." So run the opening sentences of his Preface; and who will quarrel with such a modest, scientific approach to life? Yet his very next words set the alarm bells ringing. "If the result is shocking or provocative, this is not from intent, but solely because I try to judge from the evidence without being influenced by the judgments of others." Does Mr. Taylor, then, take such a poor view of public appetite for truth that he expects to shock and provoke large sections of his audience? He most certainly does; and, I think, he most certainly will achieve that end, yet not for the disingenuous reason he puts forward. In his search for the correct answer to the problems of history Mr. Taylor's mode of approach may be impeccable, but his air of detachment wears thin. Readers of this book will find it difficult to accept his indifference to the judgments of others. He is constantly referring to views contrary to his own in order to trounce them. If there is a corn within view, he steps on it sharply; and his progress towards truth is often interrupted with derogatory asides. In the end one is surprised that Mr. Taylor should have such confidence in his own opinions, when he almost defies the rest of the world to agree with them.

When not posing in a Preface Mr. Taylor is quite ready to admit his own cantankerous individualism. In the lecture on Bright he casually refers to himself when a schoolboy "in revolt as usual against my surroundings," and therefore

antagonistic to Bright, the famous Old Boy. Later he discovers that Bright is not such a hero to the world at large, and springs to his defence. Bright's speeches during the Crimean War remain the same; but Mr. Taylor construes them to meet his mood of the moment, and that mood can be relied on to be disconcerting to either lovers or haters of John Bright. The moods are also disconcerting to the admirers of Alan Taylor. That a historian with such an acute mind should be content to roam the jungles of history like a rogue elephant, bowling over all comers with slashing generalisations, is a source of grievous disappointment.

"He would rather make a good joke than win a debate," says Mr. Taylor of Palmerston, with approval, for he shares the preference. "Gladstone was the Victorian conscience; Disraeli the release from it." "There is something to be said for conservatism (though I can never recollect what)." "If a man stopped behaving as a capitalist even for a minute of the day, economic laws would break down." "The insoluble dilemma was approaching; do we abandon Socialism or Democracy?" "It is the high-minded and inspired, the missionaries, not the capitalists, who cause most of the trouble." "Tolerance and good nature, not virtues for which Radicals are usually distinguished." "A single sentence from Danton was worth a ton of abstract speculations." "Idealists make revolutions, practical men come after and clean up the mess." Mr. Taylor cracks down impartially to Right and to Left, on the just and the unjust, on militarists and pacifists, on the appeasers and the non-appeasers. He sits cheerfully on the fence between materialism and idealism, and jeers at both sides. His reasoning is always sound, his arguments seem convincing, his style is merciless. Every intelligent reader would be only too pleased to go along with him —if he would only not shout quite so loud and distress the neighbours.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

No Tongues of Fire

Poetry Now. Edited by G. S. FRASER. *Faber*. 15*s*.

Mr. Fraser places at the head of his introduction some words of Yeats:

> I remember saying one night at the Cheshire Cheese, when more poets than usual had come, 'None of us can say who will succeed, or even who has or has not talent. The only thing certain about us is that we are too many'—

—but after one has looked at his List of Contents one feels the occasion called, more brutally, for Hardy: "We *was* too many." Yeats had been describing the Rhymers Club of the Nineties; I have counted the poets he mentions at that point in *The Trembling of the Veil*, and cannot make it more than 16. Mr. Fraser has gathered up 74! As his anthology runs only to 160 pages of poems, it follows that nobody gets much room. Twenty-eight poets have two poems each: the rest, singles. As there is no space for long poems, no scope to demonstrate a writer's development or variety, it is pointless to try to estimate particular writers, to assess the range and scope of any one talent. Nor, given Mr. Fraser's insistence on the 74—though he should never have left himself out—is there much point in fussing over the choice of poems, which seems fair enough. One had best regard the anthology as a collection of samples of the poems being published at the present time in books, pamphlets and magazines, by those "who either began to write, or who first properly discovered themselves, during or after the Second World War"; and one is thrown back on generalisations which are bound to be unfair to many of the 74.

One could, for instance, generalise about subjects: about the number of travel poems (favourite countries, Italy and Greece; Russia and Germany are out), or the number of poems about works of art. Or one could generalise about form: the fondness for stanza and rhyme. But these are only the pony-tails and drainpipe trousers, so to speak. The prevalent attitude

NELSON

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ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL

behind these fashions, and of which they are expressions, is a certain caginess and narrowness, as if the poets were bent on not making fools of themselves, not going out on a limb, not getting their fingers burnt. The second-rate poet of the Thirties usually attempted high flights and, when he flopped, looked remarkably silly; the second-rate poet of the Fifties never seems to leave the ground at all.

The poets that we have to deal with here are clever—possibly a good deal cleverer than the run of Thirties poets—witty, well-read, civilised; they see points and draw conclusions (D. J. Enright, Roy Fuller, John Holloway, Elizabeth Jennings); they observe themselves and others with a clinical eye (Philip Larkin, Jon Silkin, Mairi MacInnes, Norman MacCaig); they excel in neat comment—especially on art, literature, past history (Donald Davie's strong suit). There are occasional bursts of high spirits (Charles Causley, Kingsley Amis). But they never seem to be tapping a strong source of energy—whether, old-fashioned, one calls it the Muse, or that sense of political and social forces that powered, for instance, some of Spender's German poems, Auden's *A Bride in the Thirties*, or MacNeice's *Eclogue for Christmas*. Mr. Fraser wonders, at the end of his Introduction, whether "a genuine and lasting relaxation of international tension might not have a very fertilising effect on poetry." Possibly it might: but at other times it is precisely by experiencing such tensions in and for himself, that a poet has found his impetus to create.

The poets here—again, I must make clear, on the basis of the poems in this collection: a book with far more in it from Lawrence Durrell, Thomas Blackburn, David Gascoyne, W. S. Graham, Norman Nicholson, Vernon Watkins and R. S. Thomas would make a very different impression—appear to be shying away from such tensions, to be keeping clear of that highly-charged cable that, "held one moment, burns the hand." What strikes one in these poems is not the virtual ignoring of the atomic age, the cold war, the ferment in Africa, the great strides in Asia—no-one can dictate a poet's subject-matter and no-one wants poems made to measure on Important Subjects—but the general absence of any passion: whether the prophet's or the visionary's, the lover's or the thinker's. In some periods, poets have been the growing-points of a society, sensitive to pressures in advance of the rest of us. At others, poets are rather decorators, commentators, classifiers, giving elegant expression to generally shared attitudes. "The age demanded an image"—and perhaps it has got what it wanted, in this collection of Candides each cultivating his own plot, neatly staked out with rhyme and stress.

JANET ADAM SMITH

GOT

PETER QUENNELL, *Daily Mail* "Remarkably entertaining . . . one of the most enjoyable first novels I have read for many months. The writing is fresh and fully of vitality; and Nabby Adams emerges as a really splendid comic character."

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FOR

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A TIGER ?

These States

Wild America. By ROGER PETERSON and JAMES FISHER. *Collins.* 30*s.*

The Voice of the Desert. By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH. *Alvin Redman.* 18*s.*

The America that is exported in films, magazines and advertising, the America French novelists discover when they cross the Atlantic, is above all the country of success, of comfort, gadgets and the dollar. The way of life seems to be founded on a certain high standard of luxury. And so, though the basic essentials—food and housing—are enormously expensive, the basic luxuries—tobacco, alcohol and petrol—cost relatively nothing at all. It is the country where a loaf of bread and a packet of cigarettes are the same price. Even the seamy underside of this comfort, the nervous violence and the ugliness, seems part of the same success story. Yet all this is the America of the cities. Outside them the comfort may be no less insisted on, but it seems a good deal more precarious. As often as not it exists in the teeth of the land itself. For the contrast between American cities and the countryside is far greater than in Europe. They seem alien to each other. Once in New York it is impossible to imagine that anything exists outside; the city seems complete in itself and endless. In the same way, in the enormous, empty landscape of the West, the Institutional Gothic of Salt Lake City seems hardly credible. Yet the landscape and the cities have one thing in common: neither is ever pretty, but both are immensely impressive.

James Fisher, in his share of an excellent book, *Wild America*, remarks how the Americans take the physical beauty of parts of their country so much for granted. Though they protect their parks with infinite care and expense, they never mention them. I think it has something to do with the indifference of the country's beauty. It is very little connected with the sort of ease and cheerfulness the Americans export. For example, after Disney had filmed *The Living Desert*, he neutralised it by the commentary. On one side was what you saw; on the other the grand old nanny Nature, whose gentle benevolence was equalled only by President Eisenhower. Now Joseph Wood Krutch, who is a scholar, a literary journalist and a naturalist, has done much the same thing in his chatty, enthusiastic book, *The Voice of the Desert*. He almost makes the South-West sound as cosy as literary Connecticut. It is as though he wanted to explain that he is not odd in preferring the Sonoran Desert to Columbia University. So his book is full of little pieces of propaganda:

> Plants and animals are so obviously and visibly what they are because of the problems they have solved. They are part of some whole. They belong.

It sounds like a summing-up of *Rebel Without Cause*. Why bother, I wonder? If the American Way of Life does prevail in parts of the desert, that is the triumph of the people who have settled there. It is no fault of the country itself. The trouble is that Mr. Krutch not only loves the desert, he wants to make it appear lovable. And that it is not. It is the most beautiful part of the world I have ever seen, but its beauty is in no way scaled down to the people in it. I think it was J. B. Priestley who remarked that in the South West you are aware of geology rather than history. Certainly, no kind of human easiness can be taken for granted there. The animals live largely nocturnally; and the people survive like them, despite the heat and the bareness of the country.

The real sense of the size, variety and remoteness of the States is superbly caught in *Wild America*. Two eminent naturalists, James Fisher and Roger Peterson, an American, have combined in a record of their 25,000-mile drive, bird- and animal-watching through the National Parks and wild-life sanctuaries of North America. They went from Newfoundland to Florida, into Mexico, through Arizona, to California and Alaska. In terms of the species they saw, their trip was obviously successful; they broke some sort of record. But for myself, the interest of the book lies in the way they speak up for the wildness of wild America. I don't mean so much the panegyrics on Yosemite and the Grand Canyon. Of course the great National Parks are beautiful. But then you expect them to be; the roads and viewpoints have been carefully designed to show them off at their best; they are the most wonderful playgrounds in the world. It is the less spectacular moments that really give the feeling of the place: the visits to the Everglades and the Keys of Florida; waiting for condors in the mountains a few miles behind Los Angeles; a night spent on a Pacific island, listening, in the drizzle, to the eerie cries of the petrels and murrelets; the endless sweating miles of driving across the desert. At these moments their *bonhomie*, their delight in the hospitality they received, even their professional note-taking are all subdued, and Mr. Fisher and Mr. Peterson give you that feeling of emptiness and a kind of physical unkindness which is as much a part of the States as the Rotary Clubs and the glad-handers.

A. ALVAREZ

Lives for Sale

Time Out of Mind. By JOAN GRANT. *Barker.* 16*s.*

Mr. Norris and I. By GERALD HAMILTON. *Wingate.* 15*s.*

Sunlight on the Lawn. By BEVERLEY NICHOLS. *Cape.* 16*s.*

Married to Wilfred. By MABEL PICKLES. *Odhams.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Twenty years ago Mrs. Grant found sudden fame with her book *Winged Pharaoh*, which described with great clarity and violence what it felt like to be an Egyptian princess of the First Dynasty. It was, Mrs. Grant explained, a first-hand account, dictated in a trance-like state induced by the proximity of a green scarab found in a friend's attic. The reader who mistrusts such goings-on will not be encouraged by the jacket of Mrs. Grant's autobiography, which shows her gazing broodily through the top half of an egg-timer. As it happens, the book is as rare and rich as the best kind of Christmas pudding, and filled with all sorts of unexpected rewards. Mrs. Grant has a sense of the ridiculous which must be unusual among witches. When she describes her first attempt at an exorcism—a failure, perhaps because of the substitution of spring onions for garlic in her Pentacle—she invokes laughter and shudders in just the right proportions, and her description of the social embarrassments caused by necromancy is the best thing of its kind since *Tobermory*.

Like Mrs. Grant, Mr. Hamilton once met Aleister Crowley, but if he ever dabbled in black magic he is too discreet to tell us so. The ectoplasm of which he is composed must have once, one feels, inhabited some seventeenth-century diplomatic corps; he is urbane, deceptively garrulous, and full of sinister little hints. Mr.

Christopher Isherwood in a preface and Mr. Maurice Richardson in a tail-piece give us an inkling of his odd magnetism and the paradoxes which enabled him to serve as part-model, not only for the Mr. Norris who changed trains, but also for the Guildhall statue of Sir Winston Churchill. In spite of these and other piquant facts, however, the character of Mr. Hamilton remains tantalisingly nebulous.

Mr. Beverley Nichols, on the other hand, is a past-master at self-revelation, although in his present vein he has little of importance to declare. He does not tell us whether he believes in re-incarnation, but anyone who has followed his career should be able to recognise him at once as a misplaced re-issue of Candide. Blessed with a limpid ingenuousness, he began by globe-trotting with a notebook in his hand, asking the most embarrassing questions and getting the most revealing replies. Must such inquiring minds always end up in the potting-shed? Mr. Nichols only seems to care, now, for moonflowers and stone balustrades and Siamese cats; the people in his book are wan, stylised, Jane Austenish figures who inhabit an impossible hamlet far removed from the near-suburban dormitory-town in which (as Mr. Nichols has apparently never noticed) Merry Hall is actually situated. He writes, as always, with a breathtaking virtuosity, holding the reader's attention with every kind of story-teller's device, and the book is charmingly decorated with pen-and-ink vignettes; but one cannot help asking oneself what it is all for.

The same question must have occurred to many people when they first catch sight of Mr. Wilfred Pickles. It is not really answered by his wife's reasonably-priced memoirs, although she interestingly reveals that he was first invited to read the News in a Lancashire accent by Lord Bracken, who hoped that this manœuvre would confuse the Germans. After this, there was no stopping the Pickles progress: music-hall, pantomime, TV stardom, and final apotheosis as the Common Man's Common Man. In spite of a tendency to dwell on such subjects as Fallopian tubes and the awe-inspiring ordinariness of ducal households, Mrs. Pickles sounds rather a dear. One can't help liking someone who can say, straight-faced, such things as: "To us, dogs seem more human than cats." Humanity and Sincerity, it is quite plain, are today the twin gods to whom the millions pay lip-service, along with "Life," Liberace, and the pursuit of Elvis Presley.

PETER WILDEBLOOD

Noblest Romans

Virgil: The Aeneid. Translated by W. F. JACKSON KNIGHT. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Translating Horace. By J. B. LEISHMAN. *Faber: Cassirer.* 16*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Jackson Knight's Penguin *Aeneid* has been awaited with a good deal of interest. For the *Aeneid* is the foremost secular book of the western world (no other has achieved an edition every year since the invention of printing), the translator is the most creative of Virgilian critics, and Penguin Books have become the most powerful single force in the dissemination of Greek and Latin literature in English.

The *Aeneid*, like religion, is quite often a bore. Aeneas is seldom warmly attractive and sometimes no more than wooden *pietas*; much of it is concerned with battles in descriptions most of us are squeamish about, or wish they were not the way our world is; and the gods fly down from Olympus to intervene like mechanics at the pits in a motor-race. Yet it remains a more beautiful and a more eminent city than all the others. Perhaps the nearest way into it is the one used as a matter of course in the Middle Ages, the *sortes Vergilianæ*. Laying aside Mr. Jackson Knight's view that Virgil likes our piety and guides our finger himself (it is a probability inherent in the Christian belief in "the communion of saints") we ought not to be surprised if any passage of the poem, chosen

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at random, should give advice, though it will probably be ambiguous advice, on any problem of conduct. It is in the old sense the philosophical poem of our world, and there is hardly a phrase in it but carries us in allusion, myth and symbol, and in the reflections other poets have made on it (so that the wealth of the poem is always increasing) very far from the predicament of Aeneas and his men.

Only a poetry of indefinitely extending excitement could lay upon our hearts these burdens of morality and difficult allusive thinking. A great deal of it remains unimpaired in translation: the existentialist start from utter despair, the swift and swirling narrative, visual detail and colour the more delightful for being rarer than we now expect, the surprising truth to life of it all—for the wooden *pietas* and the mechanical intervention are found to be no less real than the exquisitely characterised women; the Virgilian passion for harmony and peace more powerful in hope than the ending in vengeful bitterness. Mr. Jackson Knight manages to illuminate in his Introduction even the too famous similes and make them smile from their Abbey tombs. He concludes his passage about them:

> To see, perhaps suddenly and unexpectedly, one of Virgil's deeper meanings softly emerging is to benefit from an artistic pleasure as keen and intense as any æsthetic experience can be. And a great many of these experiences may be enjoyed simply by reading the story and not overlooking the obvious.

"The obvious" comes nicely from a scholar who after Frazer's million words observed that the Golden Bough as a key to the spirit-world is primarily Plato's philosophy which had been so named in a recent Greek poem. I must draw no further upon his Introduction, but briefly commend it as one of those pieces of criticism (Sir Maurice Bowra's *Horizon* essay on Horace was another) that distil the wisdom of three millennia into a liqueur of exquisite beneficence.

No-one could be more deeply conscious than Mr. Jackson Knight of the difficulties of translating the *Aeneid*. *Pietas*, sensitivity and perhaps his willingness to listen to the seven revisers of his version have helped him to produce a translation beautifully readable as it should be read, straight through from "This is a tale of arms and the man" to "the life fled moaning, resentful to the shades." After a fortnight's trial by Sixth-formers I note that it is too clever to be a nuisance as a crib; it gets as far into the spirit of the original as is possible without writing a commentary. Sometimes it seems queerer than the oddities the translator claims should be included to represent Virgil's unexpectedness of style: as in "sunshine lands," "Do you *know* Ulysses *no* better than that?", I was shocked only once—by the weakly passive version of the key words to Book iv.: Dido *volnus alit venis*, fosters the wound of passion in her blood, not "had long suffered" from it. But it would be easier to pick out long and continuous examples of extraordinary felicity. If I forbear to do so it is because, while we all buy Penguins, this is one we have to read.

For the single book allowed in a Life Sentence I should choose the Aeneid, and hope that I could persuade a warder to bring in a word or two of Horace each week so that I could reconstruct the Odes. And then translate them into English verse. Everyone wants to do this, and a great many have—curiously badly. Only an ode apiece by Milton and Louis MacNeice are thoroughly successful. Both are poets and both imitate Horace's metres. It is absurd to omit from translation the one delight that can be obtained in English by mere technical skill. More than half Mr. Leishman's book is Introduction. He is I think too jovial to understand "the melancholy that evoked much of Horace's finest poetry," but he says many excellent things: as that Horace's art and character are incapable of being mythologised, so that though he has been enormously loved he has seldom been well explained; the complex irony of interplay between the serious and the ludicrous could not be properly detected before Auden. But his main point is that translators must use the proper metres. Just how nicely it can be done he shows professorially in his preface and poetically in the thirty versions that follow it—the Latin text beside them to add to the pleasure. They are easily the most attractive collection of the Odes in English ever offered by one man. The praise is a little fainter than it sounds, for Mr. Leishman is not always a poet. This means that he doesn't know when he is being G-Manley-Hopkins upsurgingly imitative, and generally lacks the force poets have to restore honour to a cliché. But the metres never fail to be as charming as they are, and at his simple and not infrequent best he is distinctly good:

> If, for all those vows you have broken, any
> just reward, Barine, had ever reached you,
> if with one dark tooth or discoloured nail your
> lustre were lessened,
>
> then perhaps I'd trust you. But, having bound that
> faithless head with oaths, you emerge in beauty
> more resplendent still, the concern of every
> youthful beholder . . .
>
> Every youngster's mother has cause to fear you,
> every frugal father, and every hapless
> girl but lately paired with a consort prone to
> counter-attractions.

Horatians will get this book anyhow. I particularly commend it to all poets with a little Latin. What nicer task for a pause in inspiration than to English an ode of Horace?

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REINHARDT

Ghosts in Action

Haunted Houses. By JOSEPH BRADDOCK. *Batsford.* 21*s*.

Ghost stories have of late years regained some of their popularity as a source of mild thrills for a bored public, and the latest collection comes in the prepossessing shape of a "Batsford book," decorated with charmingly imaginative illustrations by Mr. Felix Kelly. Expectation that the contents will be worthy of the handsome *format*—and substantial price—is heightened by Mr. Braddock's references to the scientific support given to the Society for Psychical Research and by his claims to have abandoned an out-of-date materialism in favour of "a middle-course neither gullibly credulous nor bone-headedly sceptical." What follows is fair enough light entertainment but hardly justifies pretensions to a scientific approach, for Mr. Braddock's notion of an inquiry ends where the S.P.R.'s investigators would begin, and as a collector he is of the school of Autolycus rather than that of the late Mr. Eumorpopholous.

Three main sources have been tapped for these stories of the supernatural; the experiences of the author's friends, a variety of printed records, and contemporary press cuttings. Some of the new material contributed by friends is interesting and impressive as the percipients have allowed their names to be used. But much of it is just village gossip inadequately verified, and often too trivial or nonsensical to be worthy of record. The retold tales include perhaps the best-authenticated story of a haunted house ever published ("The Cheltenham Ghost") but mostly they are derived from notoriously dubious authorities, such as Augustus Hare. The chapter on "Theatre Ghosts" is the most appealing and convincing; one would not mind haunting Covent Garden oneself. The famous Talking Mongoose, whose acceptance by a gullible public startled even the cynical Harry Price, gets far too kindly treatment.

The recent newspaper reports of poltergeists and hauntings open up a different problem of which the author seems to be unaware. As the encounter between the *Daily Mail* reporter and Harry Price at Borley Rectory showed, even if someone is caught in the very act of faking, it is most unlikely that a newspaper will print the story. The risk of meeting a jury vaguely anxious to be broad-minded about the occult, and unable to resist the temptation of soaking a big newspaper proprietor, is too great. A combination of two untruthful persons in a family is particularly hard to break and quite impossible to expose. Even in my own limited experience I have found incredibly tangled motives at the root of "supernatural phenomena"—chronic alcoholism, drug addiction, the desire of a middle-aged wastrel to get even with his family who resented having to keep him, the hatred of an orphan boy for his guardian whose business he was attempting to ruin, the pitiful plight of an unwanted child striving to win the love of his parents by faking communications from a dead brother, families trying to jump the queue for a housing estate. Some of these stories made banner headlines in their time, not one of the true explanations could ever be published. There is indeed much more in the art of ghost-hunting than one could guess from Mr. Braddock's brightly written pages.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

Shorter Reviews

Trial by Ordeal. By CARYL CHESSMAN. *Longmans.* 18*s*.

Monsters and fiends will disappear from the earth as witches did (writes Mr. Chessman) "when society stops conjuring them up and then virtuously killing them off." Society in California, where they refer to the executioner as "God's minister," has been seven years killing off Mr. Chessman, the author of that incredible book *Cell 2455, Death Row*; and he is still alive. His new book, written like the first in the death cell at San Quentin Prison, continues the fantastic story of his running fight with the cat-and-mouse laws of California—endless hearings, stays, petitions, campaigns, appeals, interviews and radio feature programmes. (He still has not reached the United States Supreme Court, which, one supposes, will be the absolute end of the road.)

He offers no kind of excuse for the career of crime that would still leave him with fifty-five years' imprisonment to serve if he won his fight for life; but he has always passionately denied that he committed the crimes—kidnapping and rape—for which he now

lies under sentence of death, and knows that he could have "got away" with a life-sentence by pleading guilty to them. Now, as he waits for death, he studies the hysterical accounts by which, every so often, Californian readers are kept informed about that recurrent popular feature, "Chessman's Last Few Days"; reads how Mr. Erle Stanley Gardner is urging that he be given a "lie-detector test"; studies articles *written by the judge who tried him* saying that you can't reprieve a criminal just because he can write books; hears the first news about the progress of his numerous petitions on the prison radio headphones; and learns that an eye-bank is waiting for his corneas. You would have thought that the State of California would wish either to suppress this book (which could never be published, in such circumstances, about an English prison) at all costs, or to begin an immediate attack on the fearful cruelties of the penal system that it exposes. Having failed in the first, it must surely set about the second without delay; and to say this is to give the true measure of the book's importance.

C. H. R.

Pleasure Garden. By BRIAN HILL. *Hart-Davis.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

This is a small, neat prose and verse anthology of the private (as opposed to the formal) sort: a by-product of the compiler's reading; a commentary on his taste. Pleasure is the thing, of course, and the anthologist of this special kind need obey no rules but one; while formal anthologists may or must include the familiar piece, the private one should not. Mr. Hill only occasionally strays. His leanings are to what is rude and quaint in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and to the failed genius writing out of literary season: Darley, Beddoes, Stephen Phillips. (These three provide some strangely effective passages.) Other pleasures include a Charm against the Bumble Bee (1599), Johnson's denunciation of baby talk, Lady Holland on Wordsworth ("he seems well read in his provincial history"), Christina Rossetti's fascinating dream about a goat, Mrs. Pilkington's account of her night in the Abbey, and a fine poem on the hare by Kenrick Prescot (*fl.* 1757), beginning:

Gallops the princely hare to yonder grove
Where glimmers light in shade, to meet his love . . .

Readers who take their diversions more curiously may like to guess who wrote the following:

(a) The pleasure of laughing is great. But the pleasure of being a respected gentleman is greater.
(b) Where etiquette prevents me from doing things disagreeable to myself I am a perfect martinet.
(c) Beside this tree,
Praising no gods, nor blaming, sans a wish,
Sits, Tartar-like, the Time's civility,
And eats its dead-dog off a golden dish.

Much may (and often needs to be) forgiven the poet of (c) for this.

N. L.

The Metaphysicals and Milton. By E. M. W. TILLYARD. *Chatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Metaphysicals and Milton consists of some lectures Dr. Tillyard gave in Seattle, reprinted with a couple of appendices. And so, although Dr. Tillyard, out of courtesy to his American hosts, tries his hand at analysis, the work has a certain chatty vagueness, perhaps almost inescapable from the spoken word. His purpose is to show that the Metaphysicals and Milton were not as many worlds apart as we suppose. It was Donne who was the phœnix. One has heard before mutterings of discontent against the "cult of personality" that surrounds Donne. Dr. Tillyard voices it a new way: he peers over the shoulder of one or two poems to discover that at times something queer happens to the logic; it turns back on itself. From this he concludes that Donne was only interested in arguing, not in reaching conclusions; hence he had "a cast of mind the remotest possible from the sphere of action"; hence, more obscurely, he lacked "social consideration". Milton, on the other hand, could control a subtle, turning argument, but preferred a more massive inevitability, as he preferred to cushion the shock of his similes. The later Metaphysicals were nearer Milton because they, too, went after conclusions.

If nothing else, there is a certain grand simplicity

Robert Graves

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in this. But it's too simple. Dr. Tillyard starts from a discussion of the sonnets of Donne and Milton on their dead wives. He finds Donne comparatively unconcerned with his wife. But, of course; the poem wasn't primarily about her; it's a "Divine Sonnet", about the love of God. The language, not the argument, makes it more immediate than Milton's, for the latter has the air of a translation from Latin. If Donne's logic at times turns back on itself, that was one of his many dialectical devices (they were expounded years ago by an American scholar). As for "social consideration": Donne was not primarily a "poet" (in the *Letters* he decries the name bitterly); he was a "wit," a man of intellect, who did not have to make his poetry socially useful. As a "wit" he could disregard the conventions of poetic language and put all the weight he pleased on dialectic; Milton, a dedicated epic poet, was dependent far more on rhetoric and the authority of the classics. The Metaphysicals were the School of Donne because they were dialectical in method, colloquial in language, and wide-ranging and insistent in their learning. It is a difference in means, not ends, that separates them from Milton.

A. A.

The Agincourt War. By A. H. BURNE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 35*s.*

"C'est ici un livre de bon foi." Colonel Burne does exactly what he means to do, and explains how he does it as he goes along. He writes the military history of the latter part of the Hundred Years War: no political or social background, but the description of what actually happened to the men who fought. This is clarified by sketch-maps, and justified by reference to contemporary and modern sources, his own examination of the ground, and Inherent Military Probability. The last is naturally suspect: it can be no more than personal judgment tricked out with an absolute label. But the label is of some use because it helps to delimit ignorance and to show how the gaps in knowledge are filled. The method might be adopted with advantage in other fields of history, if only causation and modes of thought were always as simple as they are on the battlefield.

In the Agincourt war, although there were a few neat tactical twists, neither technology nor the ingenuity of commanders did much to elaborate the basic war formula of bash and be bashed. For the most part, of course, the soldiers preferred not to fight at all, and spent their time in marching and pillaging, sieging and being besieged. Forces were weak: luck, morale and leadership were decisive. Hence the power of Henry V, and later of Joan of Arc. Colonel Burne is particularly good on Joan (except that he calls her "that glorious creature, the Maid of Orleans"): he does not speculate about her relations with God, but demonstrates how her "voices" gave potent expression to "the well-established principles of offensive action." This good book deserved better presentation and proof-reading.

C. S. B.

Lorca and the Spanish Poetic Tradition. By J. B. TREND. *Blackwell.* 25*s.*

Professor Trend's latest book is a collection of pleasantly discursive essays ranging from twentieth-century poets to the medieval lyric. He knew the youthful Lorca and describes an evening with the poet and Manuel de Falla in Granada in which an amateur recital of verse and music took place against an authentic background of running fountains and dry sherry. "Poetry was a social, friendly accomplishment, natural to the society in which Garcia Lorca was born; and later he told another poet that he wrote poetry because he wanted people to like him."

If there is a Spanish poetic tradition—in spite of his title, Professor Trend hardly makes out the case for it—it must lie somewhere there, in a mental country equally far from the intellectual rigours of Academe and the bustle of the professional rat-race. Poetry as an extension of the personality, literature as an enrichment of ordinary experience, like meeting new people—if this is the way the Spanish see their poetry, it may also be the best way for a critic to write about it. Professor Trend's criticism has the qualities of the good travel book, based on very wide reading and a thoroughly personal identification with his subjects. By English standards this kind of scholarship is temperarily old fashioned and it does not always come off even here. But when it does, as in the essays on the Mexican poet, Alfonso Reyes, on the staging of Calderon's plays, and on Cervantes's attitude to pastoral, it provides an excellent bridge into the writer's mind. Quotations of verse are liberal, with usually vigorous translations for the reader with little Spanish.

G. B.

The One That Got Away. By KENDAL BURT and JAMES LEASOR. *Collins* with *Michael Joseph.* 16*s.*

It is curious and absorbing, after so many volumes on allied P.O.W. escapes, to read a book in which the so-familiar roles are reversed. In this book it is Von Werra, the young German fighter pilot, who eluded capture, and our own police, villagers, railway officials and R.A.F. officers who appear oakenly stupid. The enemy it is who holds the aces of blandness, charm, ice-cold temperament and butterfly quickness of mind. His story is an uncanny reflection of all allied tales, down to the forged identity papers, disguised clothes and the tunnel under the wire.

A reflection perhaps, but not a true one. In part it is seen in a distorting mirror. Wisdom after the event is a difficult fault to eradicate, but to crab your own hero, to treat him with ill-concealed contempt, is ungracious. Von Werra may have been vain and boastful, but understatement—the British mannerism—can be quite as embarrassing as overstatement—Von Werra's, possibly. The German's unquestionably gallant bearing deserves a like dignity of presentation. Twice from British camps, once actually into the seat of a Hurricane fighter, and then, successfully, from a Canadian prison train he marvellously bluffed his way. To the Germans his return was of tremendous value, for Von Werra, intelligent, quick-witted and able to analyse his own errors as a prisoner, ensured that allied Intelligence no longer had the easy (yet not always over-scrupulous) task as hitherto with freshly "bagged" German prisoners.

M. C.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,392

Set by Harold Bishop

The usual prizes are offered for a shanty suitable for singing at the first drawing of the prize-winning Premium Bonds. Limit, 16 lines; entries by November 13.

Result of No. 1,389

Set by Marmaduke Dench

Competitors are invited to take part in an old parlour game. The usual prizes are offered for the best pair of telegrams, the initials of whose words (in order) form any of the following: New Statesman, Logical Positivism, Television, Bolshoi Ballet, Establishment, Social Realism, Credit Squeeze. Telegrams should be relevant to the subject chosen.

Report

No Entrant Was Slow To Admit That Every STATESMAN Moulds A Nation! The NEW STATESMAN's influence on world affairs was telegraphically terrific, and those letters attracted far the most shots in a very large entry. And just as certain words lead, on the psychiatrist's couch, to revealing associations of ideas, so the arbitrary demands of certain initials seemed to ensure that a lot of what Molesworth would call "Reel Thorts" are tossed up. ("Next Edition Will State Truth" was an ominous opening from John Thornton.) Although the setter's intention was to demand two telegrams on two different subjects, the wording was ambiguous enough not to disqualify those who sent two telegrams on one subject. John Hayward wins a first prize of three guineas for his impudent pair; a guinea each goes to T. F. E., Elspeth, and J. E. Miller. All the commended entries follow:

Near East Wants Suez Tolls Allocated To Erection Statue Martin Alexandria—Nasser.

Nasser Egypt—Welcome Suggested Tribute Already Thought Erecting Statue Myself Agora Nicosia.

JOHN HAYWARD

New Eden Wobblings Splitting Tories Aggressive Tactics Essential Stop Martin Act Now.

Chancellor Refuses Entreaties Decrease Income Tax Sell Quickly Unprofitable Equities Embark Zanzibar Evening.

T.F.E.

Newstat, England. When Suez Tension And Trouble End Sending My Article. Nasser.

Television, England. Like Explain Viewers English Vogue In Semi-millinery Is Outmoded. Nina.

ELSPETH

Lament Onset Grammatical Impotence Compelled Admit Lure Philosophical Orientation Sympathetic Investigation Theories Incorporating Values Including Socialist Metaphysics.

Sordid Outrage Chapter Inadequate Are Lumpenproletarians Romantic Epicures Avoid Lawrentian Intimations Sex Mysticism.

J. E. MILLER

NEW STATESMAN

Nationalisation Extremes Welcomed Stop Turnstile Accepts Tribune Entente Stop Martins Actions Nyealised. (A. D. BENNETT-JONES).

Necessarily England Wrong Suez Talks Are Threatening Egyptian Sovereignty Martin Admires Nehru. (VERA TELFER)

New Eisenhower Whistle Stop Tour Announced Tremendous Enthusiasm Stevenson Midwest America Norman. (R. TILEY)

Never Easy Winnings Someone Tremendously Always Traps Excellence Sweet Mine Are Nowhere. (JIM PARROTT)

New Enterprise Wanted Spectator Time and Tide Entrants Still Maddeningly Among Names. (JOYCE JOHNSON)

ESTABLISHMENT

Ebor Sarum Testify Archdeacons Becoming Lazy Incompetent Schismatic Having Mass Excommunication Next Tuesday. (RHODA TUCK POOK)

Egyptian Script Translated Authorises Bishops Live In Sin Heretical Making Expurgations Necessitates Thought. (MORFA)

Earnestly Solicit Tardihood Anent Brotherly Love In Seychelles Hotheads Might Empiricise New Testament. (L. G. UDALL)

SOCIAL REALISM

Scrutinised Offered Canvases Intently Appalling Lot Regret Expending Afternoon Laboriously Inspecting Squalid Muck. (H. A. C. EVANS)

BOLSHOI BALLET

Box Office Literally Surrounded Hoses Outside Injured Better Advertise Liberaces Latchkey Exchange Tickets. (CHRISTINE GREENFIELD)

Bolshoi Outstanding Lightness Sincere Homage Offer Inimitable Ballerina Assoluta Lovely Lifts Englands Thanks. (ANNIE ALLEN)

TELEVISION

To Eliminate Literature Enthusiastic Viewers Insist Service Is On Non-Stop. (A. O. CALLAGHAN)

Try Engaging Liberace Embellish Variety Indubitably Suppress Intellectuals Omit News. (G. M. D. CROTON)

LOGICAL POSITIVISM

Leave Out God Illegitimate Concept According London Professor Only Sentences Intelligible Those Implying Verifiability In Scientific Manner. (T. R. MILES)

Liquidate Old Guard Immediate Change Ayers Logical Position Outdated Squeeze In Theology Ignore Verification Investigate Supernatural Metaphysics. (J. B. W.)

CREDIT SQUEEZE

Cheques Returned Expulsion Duly Imminent Tried Suicide Quite Unsuccessful Expedite Emolument Zeal Essential. (P. WOOLNOUGH)

Cant Raise Enough Dough In Time Squeezed Quit Ululating Efforts End Zero Economy. (G. J. BLUNDELL)

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City Lights

Eden's Bear-Garden

Markets are all Egypt. Most people are too agog for news to be buying or selling but dealers have seen to it that the ritual series of price movements is set in train. Copper, tin and rubber are up, securities—and the £—are down. However welcome to Sir Anthony, the Israeli attack has upset quite a number of pretty little situations in the City. The gilt-edged market, in particular, has lost in a day the strength it had been collecting painfully since the passing of the last Suez crisis. War Loan has touched its lowest point ever, the new Esso loan has swung from a respectable premium to a sizeable discount, and the West Ham issue, after being three times oversubscribed, opened on the wrong day and dropped steadily. Even Mr. Harrod, who prides himself on the importance of timing and has decided to join those who are pressing for a lower Bank Rate, came into print with his advice to the Chancellor on the day that the headlines were full of Israel.

* * *

Mr. Harrod, of course, could argue that the only point against an immediate cut in Bank Rate is the danger of provoking foreign speculation against the £, and that since Sir Anthony has now provoked this by other means the Chancellor should slip in his Bank Rate cut while nobody is looking. The Governor of the Bank might consider this an unorthodox move; but the gilt-edged market, freed from dyspeptic anxieties about the Middle East, would be moving steadily forward. If the government can extricate itself cleanly and quickly from a muddy situation, its credit rating in the market will soon improve and the chance of a cut in Bank Rate will again seem reasonable. The premium bond makes its début this week. Nobody knows how they will sell, but they have an obvious appeal to the surtax-payer and the issue terms offer a special inducement to buy as early as possible. Any money they bring in will lessen the government's dependence on bill finance, and this, followed by the seasonal revenue flush, will put it in a strong position for changing the direction of monetary policy. But if Egypt drags on, these City calculations disappear in a fog. Sir Anthony has expensive tastes.

* * *

The Tickler jam-pot is drawing the wasps. Last week there was an offer for the company (which is full of cash and assets easily convertible into cash) by St. Martins le Grand Property. The offer was in paper, loan stock for the Preference and mixed loan stock and ordinary shares for the equity. It had one novel feature. Tickler shareholders were asked, if they wished to sell their St. Martins scrip within two months, to get in touch with the St. Martins secretary, who would arrange for the sale to take place through the company's broker. More, on any loan stock sold in this way within two months, St. Martins would stand the selling commission. The effect of this innovation was to make the share offer as near a cash offer, or still more a placing, as it could be. But it was still not quite cash, and a second bidder has now appeared to make a rather better offer entirely in cash, and to embarrass Tickler.

It is now becoming common enough for news of a bid of a proposed merger to have the effect of an offer for sale, bringing in other bidders to investigate the position and outbid the first. In this case, the second bidder has already gained a name for intervention. The offer has come from a company called Anglo American Finance, on behalf of Beit Scott & Co.; Mr. Scott was in the limelight not so long ago for his last-minute and unsuccessful attempt to wrest Scottish Motor Traction from the clutch of Mr. Clore.

Sir John Hay's proposals for dealing with the surplus cash of various rubber companies in the Guthrie group has had the City up in arms. The surplus funds have been, rather unsuccessfully, invested in gilt-edged, and the idea is to set up an investment trust to manage them more profitably. There are two things about it to annoy shareholders. The first is that since this cash is surplus to the needs of the rubber business in which they invested, they should be offered the chance of having it back and re-investing it themselves. The second is more serious. The investment trust, for an unspecified period, is to be a private company and its board will have power to veto share transfers. The result is that the movement of cash into the trust, like the footprints into the lion's cave, will be irreversible: once gone, it cannot be got out without the Board's consent. Bids, moreover, will now be unlikely, except on the Camp Bird scale. The scheme could easily be amended to avoid this objection if bid-prevention is not its main object. A committee of shareholders has been formed to see to its amendment.

Little has been heard recently of the shareholders' committee of Meux, though things are still moving quietly. The Meux chairman has now admitted to receiving a bid of 42s. 6d. for the shares, a price well above the present market level—let alone that of the Friary-Meux shares received by those who accepted the merger terms. The Board, nevertheless, is not prepared to recommend it.

There has been no objection to the terms proposed for a merger between Saxone and Lilley & Skinner. The merger is a defence measure to combat Mr. Clore's recent invasion of the country's retail shoe trade.

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The Chess Board

If theoretical knowledge, positional judgment and combinative power were the only criteria of success I have no doubt that F. Saemisch would have been among the top-flight of grandmasters for many a year, but, alas, he could never husband his time. Yet, such is that amiable dreamer's craving for "perfectionism" that he would rather lose a game by some oversight in the inevitable time-scramble than having to reproach himself for faulty positional judgment in the first 20 moves. To him Chess has been truly sacred all his life, and I doubt if anyone has ever taken the game more seriously. He had his 60th birthday a week or two ago, a welcome opportunity for digging out a little known game he won against Herzog at Gablonz, 1924.

(1)	P-Q4	P-K3	(19) R-Kt3	K-R1
(2)	P-K4	P-Q4	(20) P-Q5!	KP x P
(3)	Kt-QB3	P-QB3?	(21) Kt-Q7! !	R(1) x Kt (best)
(4)	Kt-B3	Kt-Q2	(22) Q x P ch! !	P x Q
(5)	B-Q3	B-K2	(23) B x Kt ch	B-Kt2
(6)	O-O	P x P	(24) R x B	R-K5
(7)	Kt x P	KKt-B3	(25) R-Kt4 ch!	K-R2
(8)	Q-K2	Kt x Kt	(26) P-B3	P-KR4
(9)	Q x Kt	Kt-B3	(27) R-Kt7 ch	K-R3
(10)	Q-K2	O-O	(28) P x R	P x BP
(11)	P-B4	P-KR3?	(29) B-Kt1 !	P-Kt4
(12)	B-Q2	R-K1	(30) P-K5	R-Q6
(13)	B-B3	P-QKt3	(31) P-K6	Q-Kt3 ch
(14)	Kt-K5	B-Kt2	(32) K-R1	P x P
(15)	QR-K1!	B-KB1	(33) B x R	P x B
(16)	Q-B3	Q-B2	(34) R-Q7	P-B4
(17)	Q-R3	QR-Q1	(35) B-Q8!	B x P ch
(18)	R-K3	R-K2	(36) K-Kt1!	resigns.

Just like most of the more notorious addicts to time-trouble, Saemisch can play very fast when he has to; moreover, he has produced innumerable brilliancies in blindfold performances. Here's one of them.

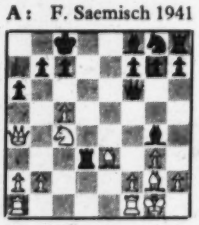
(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(9) Kt-B6 ch	K-K2
(2)	Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	(10) P-Q5	Kt-Kt1
(3)	P-KB4	P x P?	(11) P-Q6 ch	P x P
(4)	P-K5	Q-K2?	(12) Kt-Q5 ch	K-K3
(5)	Q-K2	Kt-Kt1	(13) P x P ch	K x P
(6)	P-Q4	Kt-QB3	(14) Q-K5 ch	K-B3
(7)	Kt-B3	P-KKt4	(15) Kt-Q4 ch	K-B4
(8)	Kt-Q5	Q-Q1	(16) P-Kt4	mate.

And here's another one of ten games played blindfold and simultaneously.

(1)	P-K4	P-K3	(11) P x P	Q x P
(2)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(12) Kt-B7	B x Kt
(3)	Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	(13) Q x B	P-KR3
(4)	P-K5	P-QB4	(14) P-Kt5	P-Q6
(5)	B-Q2	P x P	(15) B x QP!	Q x R ch
(6)	Kt-Kt5	B-B4	(16) K-K2	Q-B3 (best)
(7)	P-QKt4	B-Kt3	(17) P x Kt	Q-K2
(8)	Q-Kt4	K-B1	(18) B-Kt4!	Q x B
(9)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(19) Q-Q8 ch	K-B2
(10)	Q-B4	P-B3	(20) Kt-K5	mate.

No. 364. Victim of the Clock

A: F. Saemisch 1941



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White forced immediate resignation. How and why? **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both wins and quite some beauties, too.

Usual prizes. Entries by November 12.

B: J. Behting 1907

C: V. Korolkov 1930

REPORT ON COMPETITIONS

No. 360. Set October 6

A: (1) . . . Q x P ch? (2) K x Q, Kt-K6 ch. (3) K-B3, Kt x Q. (4) P-B4! (and wins the Kt).

B: (1) R-R8!, Q x R. (2) Q-R4 ch, K-B4. (3) Q-B2 ch, K-B5. (4) Q-B4 ch, K-B4. (5) Q-Q3 ch, K-Kt5. (6) Q-B3 ch, K-R5. (7) Q-R1 ch, etc.
if (3) . . . K-Kt5. (4) Q-K4 ch, K-R4(6). (5) Q-R1 ch, etc.

C: (1) P-K6, K-Q5. (2) Kt-K5!!, R-QR8(KR8). (3) P-K7, R-R1. (4) Kt-B7, R-K1. (5) Kt-Q6, R x P. (6) Kt-B5 ch, etc.
if (1) . . . R-K8 or . . . K-B7. (2) Kt-K5! etc.

Dozens of correct solutions. Prizes: H. Comden, G. S. Fisher, J. R. Harman, G. Roblin, T. J. Simmonds, N. G. Wilson.

No. 361. Set October 13

A: (36) . . . Q-R8 ch, (37) K-Kt2, Kt-R5 ch, (38) K-R3, Q-KB8 ch etc.

B: (1) P-K6, BxP, (2) Q-R4 ch, P-B3, (3) QxP ch, K-B1, (4) KtxB ch, K-B2, (5) Q-KB3 ch, QxQ, (6) Kt-Kt5 ch etc., if (1) . . . Q-B5, (2) Q-KR8 ch, Q-B1, (3) Q-R5 ch, K-Q1, (4) Kt-B7 ch, K-K1, (5) Kt-K5 ch etc., if (2) . . . K-Q1(B1), (3) Q-Q4 (KB4) ch etc.

C: (1) P-Kt6 ch K-Kt1, (2) RxP, K-B1, (3) Kt-Q5!!, KPxKt, (4) K-B5, P=Q, (5) K-Q6, Q-K8, (6) R-Kt8 ch, Q-K1, (7) RxQ ch, KxR, (8) P-B3! etc.

Quite a few stumped by **C**. Still a good many correct solutions. Prizes: C. Allen, M. A. Anderson, C. H. Brown, C. G. Hilton, J. Mitchell. ASSIAC

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PLEASANT upper Maisonette, S.W.; tenant moving to smaller house. Two reception (parquet) and three bedrooms, kitchen, bath, sep. w.c. Part Lease for sale, w. some fittings, rent £212 p.a. Possessn. Dec. Box 8106.

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AVOID harmful fogs by slipping down to Normanhurst at a few hrs. notice or bk. in advance, bearing in mind that over last 3 yrs. Lndn. has had many foggy days in Nov. & Dec. 4½/7 gns., fully inclusive. Cent. htg. everywhere. Rec. by rdrs. Vegtn. if desired. Opp. covrd. walk & nr. warm Sunlage. Illus. brochures. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers imaginative food, tasteful atmosphere and full cent. heating. Pr. 7 gns. Broch. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

WOULD you be warm this winter? Old Jordans Hostel, Beaconsfield. A Quaker Guest House which is a real resting place. Write for Brochure.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads. Bkg. for Christmas & New Year. Gd. Fd. Comfort. Tel. 508.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed, Ashley Courtenay recommended. Cent. heated throughout. Winter & Xmas terms on applin. RYE. 2216.

SUSSEX. Blue Idol, Coolham, Horsham. Historic 16th Century house, fully modernised. Central heating, good food, beautiful rural surroundings. Coolham 241.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

DAVOS, centre of winter sports, offers most lovely holidays. Privat-Hotel Meisser, in very centre of the sport places, offers comf. accom., delicious food. Special reduced terms from Jan. 6 to Feb. 9. Write: Privat-Hotel Meisser, Davos-Dorf, Switzerland.

WINTER in Palma de Mallorca at Pension "Cuatro Manzanos," San Agustin, cuisine internationale, demi-pension one pound per day; for information write Jane Grey.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Reporter," America's famous fortnightly, is now available here. This week's issue includes a challenging description of the compact existing between Britain and America with Russia's connivance to keep China out of the United Nations this year; deep focus analysis of the American Election campaign; and many other distinguished features. Supplies are limited so order your subscription today from your newsagent or Transworld Publications, Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10. 2s. each fortnight.

NOVEMBER "Labour Monthly"; Blackpool Balance-Sheet (R.P.D.); Nationalise Now! (Joan Maynard, J.P., C.C.); Differential Rents (L. McGhee); Eye-Witness at Peking (R. Page Arnot); A New Trend in Films (John Alexander); Letters from Jenny Marx. 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly sub. from N.S., 134b Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

WOODROW Wyatt gives startling facts about T.U. election irregularities in exclusive interview; Jack Tanner chats to trade unionists on need to plan: Dr. W. McLaine asks "Who believes in percentages?"; These and many other features including up-to-minute T.U. Election News Service in November issue of Iris News, the independent T.U. magazine. For sample copy send 6d. to I.R.I.S., Ltd., 404 Maritime House, S.W.4.

CONTENTS of November "Plebs." "The Middle East," by Rt. Hon. Kenneth Younger, M.P.; "Is There a Doctor in the House?" by W. McLaine; "Facts about the National Income," by J. P. M. Millar; "The Wilting American White Collar"; "The Story of Industrial Arbitration," by R. D. Woodall; "Industrial Law XI—Reinstatement," by W. L. Taylor, B.L., J.P.; Pars from the Press and Reviews, etc. "Plebs" is 6d., by post 8d. or 7s. 6d. a year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

EUROPE'S most-arrested editors excite "France Observateur's" readers weekly, featuring Bevan, Nenni, Claude Bourdet. £2 12s. a yr., £1 8s. 6 mnths., 15s. 3 mnths., from Andrew Roth, 34 Somali Rd., N.W.2.

NEWS from Moscow! For the background news to the changes that have taken place in the U.S.S.R. see the two Soviet journals "News," a fortnightly review, 10s. a year. "Moscow News," twice weekly, 12s. a year. Collet's Bookshop, 45 Museum St., W.C.1.

GERMAN books by post. Any not in stock quickly obtained, East or West. Quotations, lists from Collet's, 67 Great Russell St., W.C.1. HOL. 3222.

NATURE Cure from the Inside, by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

INDEX of Miniature Scores. 1956. Over 3,000 covered. 15s. post free. D. Levin, 51 Cathcart Road, London, S.W.10.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 3d. monthly from all newsagents.

PENGUIN to a library bought. Emphasis on Socialist bks./pamps. Van calls. Has anyone Borkenau's Communist Int'n'l? The Hammersmith Bkshop, Ltd., W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHES Antiquariat. R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

UNITARIANISM. What is it? Write Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

SCHOOLS

PINEWOOD, The Manor, Bradninch, Exeter. Nursery & Kindergarten groups—home for entire charge or short stay. Elizabeth Strachan. Hele 390.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2-3.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-13. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland Chiltern Hills 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A. (Oxon).

ONE of the regular features in

Newsweek

The American Magazine of INTERNATIONAL NEWS SIGNIFICANCE

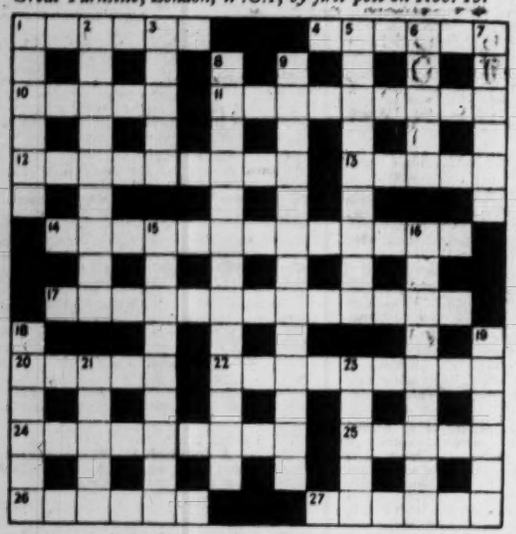
Available from all better bookstalls. Price One and Sixpence

Newsweek

Morris House, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1

Week-end Crossword No. 223

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 223, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Nov. 13.



ACROSS

1. Wood and metal on land (6).
4. Better boatman (6).
10. Brush and what to do with it (5).
11. From realist to philosopher (9).
12. An irretrievable misfortune (5, 4).
13. Food for the brink (5).
14. Fighting back in the bargain basement? (13).
17. Promise is its soul, according to Johnson (13).
20. Put back a drink not of the common kind (5).
22. What is required for marriage is largely a philosopher (9).
24. *Daily Mail*, not *Reveille?* (5, 4).
25. The island has no priest (5).
26. Inferior and queer in the throw (6).
27. Join on a conductor (6).

DOWN

1. A fool of a woman to value? (6).
2. The audacity of two famous sailors, by the sound of it (9).
3. Repel a rising swelling (5).
5. Last word of mother and I in a chaotic tumult (9).
6. Coach starting with an exclamation (5).
7. Smoked in the Greek edition (6).
8. Display of an intimate society perhaps (13).
9. Value of a harvester in a suburb of London? (13).
15. Decorated a liberal with what may be entailed (9).
16. Punished with internal prison abolished (9).
18. Farms for a thriller writer (6).
19. " The Philistine of genius in literature " (Arnold) (6).
21. Star with nothing underneath her clothes (5).
23. Shoot with the skittles put up first (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 221

S	T	E	N	O	S	I	S		A	D	O	R
I		L		F		N			O		I	O
C	H	A	R	L	O	C	K		S	C	I	P
K		P		A		R			K		A	R
L	A	S	T	G	R	E	E	N		Y	A	R
E		E			D		E		A		I	T
			C	O	U	N	T	E	R	P	A	N
A		D		O		L		M		D		N
M	A	R	C	H	I	O	N	E	S	S		
I		A		A		U		R			S	
C	L	I	M	B		S	A	L	T	F	L	E
A		N		I			A		L		L	R
B	E	A	S	T	S		I	N	T	I	M	A
L		G		E			D		N		T	A
E	M	E	N	D	S		I	S	O	T	H	E

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 221

A. S. Turnham (London, S.W.20), H. Garland (Dover), A. Whitehurst (Romiley).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

B.B.C. requires Assistant in Religious Broadcasting Department, to be responsible for planning and production of religious programmes designed for a wide audience. Ability and willingness to work with members of different denominations essential, and some theological background necessary, but ordination to the Ministry not essential. Experience of life in industrial areas an advantage. Salary £1,060 rising by five annual increments to £1,365 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.18 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

AUSTRALIA—University of Adelaide. Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in Architecture. The status and the initial salary attached to the appointment will be determined in the light of the successful candidate's qualifications and experience. Salary Scales: Lecturer: £A1,200—£A80(70)—£A1,750. Senior Lecturer: £A1,800—£A70—£A2,150. Superannuation: On the F.S.S.U. basis. Terms: General terms of appointment, including particulars of the information to be included in applications may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, or from the undersigned.* Special Note: Potential candidates in the United Kingdom should, if possible, consult Professor R. A. Jensen before he leaves for Australia on November 17. Professor Jensen's business address is 2 Howley Place, London, W.2. Applications: Applications should be lodged in duplicate with the undersigned* by November 30, 1956. Further information will gladly be supplied on request to *V. A. Edgeloe, Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia.

LONDON County Council. Posts of Responsibility. Deputy Headmistress. Sedgehill Secondary School, Sedgehill Road, Lewisham, S.E.6. Headmaster: J. E. Brown, B.A. Re-advertisement. A new Secondary School for 2,000 boys and girls, opening September 1957 (13 form entry). Deputy headmistress required April 1957. Burnham (London) scale salary with substantial allowance (probably in region of £450 a year under 1956 Burnham Proposals). There will be provision for academic courses some leading to G.C.E. ("O," "A" and "S" levels) and courses in preparation for advanced studies in engineering and commerce. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Forms EO/TS10 (Sedgehill) from and returnable to Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, S.E.1. by November 17, 1956. Candidates who have already applied will be considered without re-application. (2113)

EDITORIAL Assistant Organiser. Organiser required for Durham or Northumberland Area. Must be able to lecture on several N.C.L.C. subjects. Salary £550 per annum rising by £25 to £600. Editorial Assistant for Postal Courses Department, Central Office. Commencing salary £500 to £550 per annum depending on qualifications and experience. Positions are superannuable. Apply J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

INSTITUTE of Personnel Management, W.1, requires part-time shorthand typist. Salary £4 10s for 3 days a week or equivalent. Hours by arrangement. Phone for appointment GROsvenor 6000, Ex. 303.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FIRCROFT College, (Residential adult education college for men), Birmingham. The Trustees invite application for the post of Warden (Principal), for appointment on or before April 1, 1957. Present salary £1,250 × £50 to £1,400, together with Warden's House and superannuation scheme. The college is to occupy larger buildings in January, 1957 and important new developments are envisaged. The post offers an opportunity for enterprising pioneer work in the field of adult education. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from The Warden, Fircroft College, Bournville, Birmingham 30.

CITY of Leicester Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Educational Psychologist in the School Psychological Service. Duties include educational and clinical work and afford much scope. Candidates will be expected to possess a degree in psychology, practical training in child psychology and to have had full-time teaching experience. Ability to lecture an asset. Salary in accordance with Grade I of the Educational Psychologists Scale—£950 rising to £1,150 per annum (for men) or £860 rising to £1,020 per annum (for women, plus equal pay increments). Further particulars and form of application may be obtained from the undersigned. Completed applications should be returned to this office not later than fourteen days after the appearance of this advertisement. Elfed Thomas, Director of Education, Newarke Street, Leicester.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer in Social Science. Candidates should have an Honours Degree and experience of social work. The starting salary will be at a point between £550 and £950 p.a., according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom six copies of applications, together with the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent as early as possible, and not later than November 23, 1956. E. R. Evans, Registrar, Cathays Park, Cardiff.

THREE Engineers, one civil, one mechanical and one chemical, required by Hickson & Welch, Ltd. The work to be done is: the erection of new plant and buildings, the maintenance of existing plant and the solving of more intricate chemical engineering problems which occur from time to time. Terms of employment of both qualified and unqualified staff are competitive within the industry. Graduates without industrial experience will be considered provided they are of the right calibre. Applicants should write to the Chief Engineer, Hickson & Welch, Ltd., Castleford, Yorks.

SECRETARY & Personnel Assistant to Personnel Manager of Glacier Metal Co., Ltd. Challenging post for young woman who can handle heavy administrative load as well as being good secretary. Work includes maintaining confidential files, some statistical work, appointments, etc. Slightly overloaded but has help of a good assistant. Age 25 to 35; training in Social Science useful; experience in industry, pref. in personnel work. Monthly paid; Salary to start £475 to £525 p.a. Personnel Manager (Ref. 601), Glacier Metal Co., Ltd., Baling Road, Wembley, Middx.

EDUCATED young woman wanted to look after a small group of children during out-of-school hours. Beautiful country house; long school holidays; full board and single room. Apply to: The Principal, Salmon's Cross School, Holmbury St. Mary, Surrey.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HERTFORDSHIRE County Council. Epping House School, near Hertford. Assistant Matron (resident) to help in particular with a small group of 8/9-year-olds required at this boarding special school for junior maladjusted boys. Interesting work with boys of normal intelligence. Excellent preparation for work in the field of Child Care. Terms and conditions of service in accordance with the National Joint Council for Local Authorities Administrative, Professional, Technical and Clerical Services. Salary Scale £297 × £13½—£337½ plus Special Responsibility Allowance of £27 p.a. plus emoluments valued at £198 p.a. Superannuable post, comfortable bedsitting room. Apply to Headmaster giving details of previous posts and names of persons to whom reference may be made.

DR. BARNARDO'S Homes require a Woman Welfare Officer for Pembroke-Carmarthen-Glamorgan Areas. Work includes boarding out, case work and after-care. Car supplied. Social Science or Child Care Certificate an adv. Apply: Miss Chavasse, Staff Dept., 18 Stepney Causeway, E.1.

NETHERNE Psychiatric Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Lady Occupational Therapist required for large active department of 11 Therapists. Preference will be given to applicants with experience of pottery. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with P.T.A. Whitley Council recommendations. Applications together with the names of two referees to the Physician Superintendent.

BETHNAL Green Old People's Welfare Committee. Welfare Assistant (Female) required—Salary £350 per annum. Candidates must be competent car drivers. Further particulars and forms of application obtainable from the Honorary Secretary-Treasurer at the Town Hall, Bethnal Green, E.2. Completed forms must be returned by Nov. 12, 1956.

GRAYLINGWELL Hospital, Chichester. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Psychologist. Candidates must be qualified and experienced in accordance with Ministry of Health requirements and the salary and conditions of service are those laid down for Psychologists in the National Health Service. The duties of the post will include the psychological testing of patients for clinical purposes and making investigations for the Department of Clinical Research. Applications, with full particulars and the names and addresses of two referees, to be sent as soon as possible to Medical Superintendent from whom further partics. may be obtained.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind. Domestic Matron required for January, 1957, for Condover Hall School for Blind Children with Other Handicaps, Condover, near Shrewsbury. Duties will include responsibility for children's clothing, household linen, and the Matron should also be competent to act as Senior Housemother. Salary scale £315 to £360, plus residential emoluments; School Holidays; Superannuation Scheme. Applics. & enquiries to Principal.

THE Social Work of the Courts. The Probation Service. Training is provided for men and women over 21. Candidates under 30 without University qualification in social studies normally attend University Course as part of training; shorter training, about a year, available for those over 30 with practical experience in social work. Allowances payable during training. Details and application forms from: Secretary, Probation Advisory and Training Board (1W), Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIENCED Social Worker as Organiser experimental Club for infirm old people in S. London. Non-residential. Salary according qualifications and experience but not less than £500. Superannuation. Closing date November 23. Application form and details from London Council of Social Service, 7 Bayley Street, W.C.1.

HOUSEMASTER (single accommodation or small flat for married couple) required at Ardale (senior) Approved School, Stifford, near Grays, Essex, to take charge of house for 44 boys aged 15-17+ years. Ability to supervise leisure activities, hobbies, recreation, etc., essential, previous experience desirable. Salary within scale £486 9s. to £803 14s. less £120 12s for board, lodging and laundry. Eight weeks annual leave. Details & appli. forms from Children's Officer (CH/G1/2086), County Hall, London, S.E.1.

LIVERPOOL University Settlement. Leader required for York House Boys' Club (200 members), combined with duties as Settlement Sub-Warden, beginning January, 1957 or at date to be agreed. Commencing salary £450 per annum plus superannuation and board residence valued at £150. Apply giving age, qualifications, experience and names of 3 referees to The Warden, The University Settlement, Nile St., Liverpool, 1.

HOUSE mother, with previous experience or training, required on January 1, 1957, to take charge of Home in Chelmsford for 14 children aged 2-8. Three other resident staff. Salary £395 × £15—£455 less £113 for emoluments plus £15 if certificated. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

WORKERS' Educational Association, Yorkshire District (South). Applications are invited for the post of organiser in Sheffield. The appointment will be full-time and in the first instance for a probationary period of twelve months. Salary scale £550 × £25 to £650. Application forms (S.A.E.) and further details from R. H. Rochell, W.E.A. District Sec., 26 Campo Lane, Sheffield, 1. Closing date Nov. 28, 1956.

CALDECOTT Community. Wanted after Christmas housemistress for group of children between ages seven and nine. Must be interested in the problems of disturbed and deprived children, and willing to take active part in the life of the Community. Salary according to experience. Apply Miss Rendel, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

COUNTY Borough of Ipswich. Dental Officers. Applications are invited from Registered Dental Surgeons. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with Dental Whitley Council Scale (Local Authorities). Additional evening sessions at the rate of £2 12s. 6d. per session of 2½ hours will be available. Application forms from Medical Officer of Health, Elm St., Ipswich. J. C. Nelson, Town Clerk.

PART-time teacher of English to foreigners reqd. West End school. Exp. essen. Retired teacher considered. Box 8158.

SHORTHAND-typist for German required, W.C.1. State experience. Box 8199

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. req. typist 9 a.m.-2 or 9 a.m.-6. Apply after 3 p.m.

FEMALE Clerk-Typist required for Jewish Communal office. Possession of, or the willingness to acquire, some shorthand a decided advantage. 5 weekdays and most Sunday mornings. Reply in own handwriting with full details of education and office experience to Box "W. F.," c/o J. W. Vickers & Co. Ltd. 7-8 Gt. Winchester St., E.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSOCIATION of Psychiatric Social Workers invites enquiries from social workers interested in its Trainee Scheme. Social Studies Certificate or Degree essential. Further particulars from 1 Park Cres., W.1.

ASSISTANT required for Gramophone Record Shop in New Oxford Street. Familiarity with music & records an advantage. A real opportunity to use imagination in launching a new shop devoted mainly to foreign folk and specialist music. 40-hour week including Sats. Clerk/Typist also required for this shop. All above vacancies covered by T.U. rates and conditions. Apply by 'phone (CHA. 4756), or write to Collet's, 44 Museum St., W.C.1. only.

REQUIRED for January, Woman Secretary to co-ordinate work of a team of technical executives at the head of a rapidly expanding engineering organisation. The post is one involving responsibility and applicants, who should be competent shorthand-typists, should possess experience in office routine, preferably a knowledge of languages, and possibly some journalistic exp. Apply in writing to the Managing Director, Nuclear Engineering, Ltd., Greenwich Metal Works, S.E.7.

EDUCATED single woman for secretarial position in commercial organisation. Knowledge of French. Age 27-35. £10 min. Callers only. St. Stephen's Secretarial, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1 area.

PROGRESSIVE London printers require clerical assistant, age 20-30, for Sales Dept. Pleas, telephone personality, competent sh./typing. Knowl. of industry not essen. if keen to learn. Please send brief dets. of age, previous career, etc., to Box 8166.

ADMINISTRATIVE Assistant (Woman) required immediately in London Adult College for publicity work and secretarial duties. Post temporary, resident or non-resident. University degree and secretarial experience essentl. Post could be perm. Apply at once to Sec., Hillcroft College, Surbiton.

SECRETARY/Receptionist, preferably car driver or owner, for interesting outdoor interviewing and reception work demanding initiative and intelligence, travel, to co-operate with noted Edinburgh child photographer, covering Scotland. Pleasant personality essential. State age and when available. Box 6306, Robertson & Scott, 42 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh 2.

COMPETENT editorial sec. wtd. for weekly journal. Must have accurate shorthand, good typing and be able to handle general office routine. Jewish Observer & Middle East Review, 129 Salisbury Sq. Hse., Fleet St., E.C.4. FLE. 3349-3340.

INTELLIGENT secretary, 25/35, with lit. interests, for responsible post W. E. Starting salary to £9. Excel. prospects. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. HUN. 0676.

SECRETARY, some regular weekday afternoons, for psychiatrist, N.W.8. Must be experienced and responsible. Ring CUN. 8884 between 7 and 8 p.m.

SALES Assistant. Interesting post for a young woman with artistic appreciation, intelligence and good appearance. Experience not essential. Box 8152.

CHEMISTRY. Wom. grad. reqd. London, W.1. Early Jan. Part/full-time. Box 8041.

CAREER women are offered the widest possible selection of vacancies at Fine's Agency. Secretaries, Shorthand and Copy Typists, Book-keepers, senior and junior, can be sure that all the most interesting and best-paid positions, both permanent and temporary, are open to them at any of our branches, 95-99 Praed St., W.2., 69 Fleet St., E.C.4, 12 Brompton Rd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1. (2 doors from The Scotch House.)

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.). Typewriting; Duplicating. TEM. 6644.

£5 to £15. Appointments. Avian require all staff. M./f., perm./temp. No fees. 109 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1. BUS. 2579/2719.

THE Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TERminus 8566. Employment in Schools, Colleges, Institutions, Offices of Societies, etc. Secretaries, housekeepers, caterers, matrons, wardens, teachers, etc. Posts vacant and wanted.

EDUCATED women (not over 40) wanted for a variety of interesting non-commercial posts at around £10 per week. Shorthand and typing necessary. Callers only. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, and 2, Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2. LONdon Wall 4609.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore Street, W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

TRY the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. GERrard 2848 (3 lines).

COOK-Housekeeper required for small, easily run house. PINchley 7079.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNGISH pleasant mother with time on hands (10-3) ready to work for expenses plus commission at typing, selling, etc. Books? Pictures? Antiques? Suggestions please. Box 8104.

ASSISTANT/secretary, woman, exp. London & Continent, seeks post, pref. international affairs. French, Italian. Box 8267.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

TRANSLATOR/Interpreter (male) seeks situation. Russn/English Cam. Univ. Lang. Certs. Some Ger. Can type. Box 8239.

A.I.L., 20 (f.), French, Spanish, Russian, French-English shorthand-typing, seeks interesting post. Box 8285.

EDITORIAL/research asst. f., secl. exp., musician, shs. intg. post. Box 8238.

ENGL. sh./typist sec., 29, expd. gen. office work, no figures; responsible, fluent German, good appearance; shs. position small office where initiative, commonsense more important than high speeds. Box 8220.

WHO seeks intelligent, enthusiastic, well-educated female Assistant with promotional & journalistic overseas exp., competent linguist, typist, driver? Box 8226.

TWO well-educated women, 23 yrs., plenty initiative, desire interesting non-routine work with responsibility, prospects. Typg., Polish, Spanish, B.A. Soc. Studies, Diploma Stage Mgement. Take anything interesting, unusual. Plenty energy expend. Box 8259.

EXPD. lady sec., travld., reliable, shs. post where initiative welcomed. Box 8197.

BACHELOR, 31, well educated, keen sense of humour, widely travelled, fluent French & German, tired of humdrum daily routine, shs. remunerative congenial post where initiative is prime consideration. Anything anywhere considered. What offers? Box 8241.

B.A. Oxon. (27) shs. remun. sec./respons. work in med./psychiatric/pubig./theatrical world. Anything consid. Urg. Box 8057.

XMAS work reqd. by woman with some catering exp. Pleasant atmosphere essential. Remote country preferred. Box 8114.

PERSONAL

GERMAN lady (40), X-ray technician, seeks an English lady for company for winter holiday Austria, in January. Box 7822.

SIAMESE student seeks accom. within easy reach Oxford Circus, meals. Preferably sole guest. Dick Richards. HYDe Park 9670.

GENTLEMAN chauffeur with own car offers weekend hospitality London to another man. Car trips of cultural interest provided, 50/50 basis. Box 8053.

GERMAN girl in U.K. avail. housework. Time for study. School-age children, treatment as family pri. Lond. refs. Box 8078.

COSTA Brava. Nice flat on front. Free Nov. to March. Sleeps 5. Rent £15 per month. Details: Bedos, Blanes, Spain.

TECHNICIAN-translators required, employed science, engineering, etc., and conversant foreign language(s), interested in augmenting income by spare-time technical translation; good rates paid. Pallas Translations, Midland Bank Chambers, Howardsgate, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

TEACHER, obliged to work part-time, considering nursery undesirable for young baby, seeks another view mutual child care or suggestions. MAI. 7096.

YNG. writer welcs. p.g.s any period. Old country hse., Sussex coast. Box 8167.

GARDEN enthusiast offered comfortable accom. outskirts London return for regular part-time help with gdn. Box 8169.

PRODIGAL returns. 10 yrs. abroad. Rancher, salesman, artist, sailor, writer, etc., seeks part- or full-time occupation. Also large, plainly furnished room as bed-studio where genius may flourish. Box 8175.

MALE wants lunchtime French exch. English. Marble Arch. Ashford (Mdx.) 4329.

RESTLESS, penniless girl shs. similar companions (18-28) share inspiration in Paris, starvation in Rome, etc. Working anywhere, everywhere after New Year. Box 8165.

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PERSONAL—continued

WOULD you undertake a difficult but worth while task? Two brothers—the older aged ten, above average in intelligence but the victim of his unhappy life; the younger loving and pathetic aged eight, need a permanent foster home where difficulties would be tolerated. Please apply for further particulars to County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford.

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PERSONAL—continued

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ENTERTAINMENTS

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Pl., N.1. Tavistock Rep. Asmodée or The Intruder, by Mauriac. 7.30, Fri. Nov. 2, Sat. 3 (Sun. 4, mems. only). Th. 8, Fri. 9, Sat. 10. 9-6 p.m. CAN 3475; 6-9 p.m. CAN 5111.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Evgs. 7.30. Rosalinde Fuller. Mems. only.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Brecht's "Exception & Rule," Lorca's "Shoemaker's Wife." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.45. Mems. only.

THE Classic Jewish Theatre Group are holding a Playreading on Tues., Nov. 6, at the Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St., W.C.2, at 8.30 p.m. People interested in all aspects of the theatre are cordially invited to attend. Enquiries: Miss E. Cohen, 3 Kenneth Crescent, N.W.2 (GLA. 5855).

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres.: Yehudi Menuhin). Extra Sitar Recital by Ravi Shankar acc. by Chatur Lal (Tabla) on Nov. 15 at Holborn Hall, W.C.1. Fut. progs. include Music & Dances of Uzbekistan, etc.; Course of Lectures on Asian Music for London University. Further inf. from Hon. Sec., A.M.C., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. FIN. 2934.

CULTURAL Show. Pakistani Students. Songs, dances, music. Also from Indian, Ceylonese, Iraqui, S. African studs. Conway Hall, Fri., Nov. 2. 7.30. Tkts. 3s.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Nov. 4: Ulanovs in "Romeo & Juliet" (U). From Nov. 5: Première of Sergei Samsonov's film of Chekhov's "The Grasshopper" (La Cigale) (A). In Agfacolor. Also "Time Out of War" (U).

ROYAL Festival Hall. WAT. 3191. Sat., Dec. 1, at 3 p.m., "Wild America," colour film of American wild life with James Fisher. 2s. 6d, 10s.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Nov. 3. Ava Gardner, Burt Lancaster in "The Killers" (A). Dir.: Robert Siodmak. 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY. 2345. Nov. 4, 6 days. Grace Kelly, James Stewart, "Rear Window" (A) Frank Sinatra, "Suddenly" (A)

"IT'S not a hop, don't rock or roll, just come to our Bonfire Bounce on Nov. 3, St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Rd., N.W.1," say London Jewish Graduates Association. Dancing 7.30 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. to the Jack Parry Orchestra. Mems. 7s. 6d. Vis. 8s. 6d.

BARBECUE. Labour Party, 2 Hampstead Hill Gdns., N.W.3. Nov. 10, 8 p.m.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Friday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evgs., every Tuesday and Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or tel. PRI. 7479, evgs.

BARN Dances—Every week at Cecil Sharp House. Ring GUL. 2206.

THE Jewish Amateur Film Society presents dancing to the Premiere Dance Orchestra, 8-11 p.m., Sat., Nov. 3. Arts Theatre Club, Gt. Newport St., W.1. Adm. 6s. 6d.

JIVE Sessions at Tynegate-Smith Studio, 15 Baker St., W.1. WEL. 7007. Sats., Suns., 8ish-latish. Sat.: Port Louis Jazzmen. Sun.: Sonny Monk and his Trad. Band.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., Nov. 3, 8-11 p.m. At Home: Dancing to Norman Jackson & His Noveltones. Mems. 3s. Guests 5s.

GRAND Dance, Sat., Nov. 3, 7-11 p.m. Porchester Hall, Queensway (Bayswater), W.2. Anglo-Continental Friendship Club.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Wed., Nov. 7, at 5.45, Ralph Downes—Organ Recital. Bach, Mendelssohn & Vierne. 3s. 6d. WAT. 3191.

GOLDBERG Variations by Bach played by Millicent Silver (Harpsichord). Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room. Sat., Nov. 10 at 8.15. (WAT. 3191.)

CECILE Doimetsch Concert. Sat. Nov. 10 at 7 p.m. Arts Council 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. "Music from 1529 to 1740." Tickets: Chappell's (MAY. 1177) & at door.

PURCELL: Ode for St. Cecilia's Day 1692 and works by Barsanti. Ilse Wolf, Alfred Deller, Gerald English, Maurice Bevan, Edgar Hunt. Choir, Orchestra, Cond. W. Bergmann. Sat., Nov. 10, at 7.30. Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. Tickets 3s. from secretary or at the door.

IMPRESARIO Socy.: Mozart's "Impresario" (staged), Haffner Symph., Mahler: 4 Wunderhorn Songs (Sol. Ilse Wolf), &c. Nov. 6, 7.30 St. Pancras Tn. Hall. 10s. 6d.-3s. 6d. Chappells, Hall (TER 7070) MAI 6897

FREE Concerts at the Horniman Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23, on Wednesday evenings at 7.45 p.m. November 7: Folk-Songs, Guitars and Drums from many Lands, by Miss Victoria Kingsley. Nov. 14: Military Music. Nov. 21: Folk Music of Ireland. Seats may be reserved at any of these concerts on application to the Curator.

EXHIBITIONS

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal People. Also: The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. French Masters, 19th & 20th Centuries. Important works for sale—Boudin, Cézanne, Corot, Courbet, Fantin, Monet, Picasso, Pissarro, Renoir, etc. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

ZWEMMER, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Hans. Erni. Paintings, Drawings & Lithographs. Until Nov. 24, 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Merlyn Evans retrospective 1927-1956. Last three days. Today and Saturday 11-6; Sun. 2-6. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate E. Stn.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jewish Artists in England 1656-1956. A Tercentenary Exhibition. Opens November 9. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Giacomo Manzù—Sculpture & Drawings. Open Nov. 7. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave., Ruby Seaton. Oct. 20-Nov. 18.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Picasso himself: Original paintings, drawings, photographs & souvenirs. Mon.-Fri. 10-6, Sats. 10-1. Closed Sun. Adm. 2s. Mems. free.

BRAQUE. An Arts Council Exhibition of paintings. The Tate Gallery. Open till Nov. 11. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tue., Thur., 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. 6d.

16th and 17th Century Theatre Design in Paris. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Nov. 28. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

ANTHONY Gross: The eight large etchings known as the "Le Boulvé Suite" are now published and on show at St. George's Gallery Prints, 7 Cork St. W.1.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Christoforou; Paul Millichip. 11-6.

BEN Uri Gall., 14 Portman St., W.1. Lottie Reizenstein, Fritz Kramer, Eric Doitch. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Till Nov. 4.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies Street, W.1. Stoneware & Porcelain by Lucie Rie & Hans Coper. Daily 10-6; Sat. 10-1.

NEW Vision Centre Gallery, 4 Seymour Place, Marble Arch. Otway McCannell.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Paintings by Brian Robb. Oct. 31 until Nov. 24.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. New Paintings by Bryan Kneale; Frederick Gore; & Henry Cliffe. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes Nov. 24.

BEAUX Arts Gall., Bruton Pl. W.1. Sculptures & Drawings, Raymond Mason. Pntgs., Michael Fussell. 10-5.30. St. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ALLAN Flanders and R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., on "How Relevant is Public Ownership?" Fabian Autumn Lecture, Nov. 7, Livingstone Hall (opposite St. James's Park Station). Tickets 2s. 6d. at door or from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

PERSONALIST Group. R. S. W. Pollard on "The New Divorce Law Commission's Report." Conway Hall, Mon., Nov. 5, 7.30.

STANLEY Spencer talks about his paintings, with illustrations, at Finsbury Public Library, Skinner St., E.C.1 (nr. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Av.) Tu., Nov. 6, 8.15. Non-mems. 1s (arr. Finsbury Art Grp.).

YOGA Practice Society, Sun., Nov. 11, at 3 p.m. Talk by Dr. Douglas Latto, "Some Further Observations on Diet & Food Reform." 6 Cadogan Gdns., S.W.3. Colln.

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Meeting, Caxton Hall, S.W.1, Wed. Nov. 7, 6.30: "Buddhism as a Social Force," Ven. Kapilavaddho Bhikkhu. Read "The Middle Way," quarterly 2s. 9d. post free. Inf. 58 Eccleston Square, S.W.1, TAT. 1313.

SWAMI Ghanananda: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thursday, Nov. 8, 6.30. "What is Realisation?" Sun. at 5 at 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Gita. All welcome.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m. on November 10, M. Jacques Iselin (Alliance Française): "Le Louvre, residence royale."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

FROM Comics to Classics. Conference on Children's Reading, Illiteracy, Children's Books. Church House, Westminster. Sat., Nov. 3, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Tkts. 5s. at door.

COMPOSERS' Concourse. At St. Cecilia's House, 7 Carlos Place, W.1, Thurs., Nov. 8, at 7.30. Neville Cardus will speak on "Principles of Music Criticism." Chair.: Dr. Arnold Cooke. Mems. 1s., non-mems. 3s.

UNIVERSITY of London: The Stamp Memorial Lecture, entitled "The Control Centre for an International Business: A Study of the Economic Factors Affecting the Location of Headquarters," will be given by The Rt. Hon. Lord Heyworth (Chairman of Unilever, Ltd.), at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1, on Tuesday, November 13, at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11 (PARk 7696), Fri., Nov. 2, No lecture, meeting transferred to Tue., Nov. 6, 8 p.m., Peter Williams (Bd., Dance & Dancers), "Bolshoi Theatre Ballet." Sat., Nov. 10, 8 p.m., Chamber Orchestra (Bach, Haydn, Glinka), Fri., Nov. 9, 8 p.m., Rev. O. Fielding-Clarke, "Berdyaev."

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, November 4, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m., H. J. Blackham: "Right as a Wrong Notion."

UNITED LODGE of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Public Lectures, Sundays 8 p.m. Nov. 4, "Psychism—the Disease of our Cycle"; Nov. 11, "Three Eternal Truths"; Nov. 18, "The Theosophical Movement"; Nov. 25, "Practical Theosophy." Free. All welcome.

I.C.A. 17 Dover St., Thur. Nov. 8, 8.15 p.m. Art: Jackson Pollock: Public Discussion. Chair: Lawrence Alloway. Illus.

"CONWAY Discussions," Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 7.15 p.m. Rev. Roy McKay, "Religious Broadcasting—Its Aims." Adm. free. Colln.

O. R. MACGREGOR: The Social Effects of the New Industrial Techniques. Hampstead Ethical Society, Barclay House, 783 Finchley Rd. (near Regal, Golders Grn.). Nov. 4, 7.15.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Nov. 4, H. L. Beales, M.A., "The Political Situation in America." Adm. free. Free copy of "Monthly Record" on request.

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Fri., Nov. 9, 8.30. James Hemming: "Culture & To-morrow's Child." 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2, off Leinster Terrace.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sunday, Nov. 4, King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1. Nr. Bond St. Stn.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

LORD Boyd Orr, on returning from China, speaks at first session "World Prosperity —Can We Build It Together?" Conference, to be opened by H.E. the Indonesian Ambassador at Indian Y.M.C.A., 41 Fitzroy Sq., Nov. 10, 11. Other speakers include Prof. André Philip, T. Swaminathan. Apply Federal Educational & Research Trust, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. TRA. 2275. Students 3s. 6d., others 7s. 6d. Admittance at door 2s. first session.

GRESHAM College, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.2. Tel. MONarch 2433. Four lectures on "The Relevance To-day of Jonathan Swift" will be given by the Professor in Rhetoric, Prof. Bonamy Dobrée, M.A., on Mon. to Thurs., Nov. 5 to 8. The lectures are free and begin at 5.30 p.m.

UNIVERSITY of London: A Course of three lectures on "Homer and the Oral Tradition" will be given by Sir Maurice Bowra (Oxford) at 5.30 p.m. on Nov. 8, 15 and 29, at University College (Gustave Tuck Theatre), Gower Street, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for G.C.E., Law, Professional exams. Mod fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

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